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HOPELESSLY BLOCKED—THE GREAT FROST OF 1895.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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REED—CLEVELAND.

THERE are tens, if not hundreds, of thousands of good citizens in this country, especially in the Eastern and Northwestern States, who, if asked to-day whether they were going to vote for the Republican or the Democratic candidate for the Presidency in 1896, would hesitate to give a definite answer. Most of these citizens are neither mere timeservers nor men of uncertain or inconstant purpose. They sincerely wish to serve the public good; they have been taught by experience that neither of the two great political parties can be unreservedly trusted, and they will, when the time comes, conscientiously take counsel with themselves as to which of the two candidates, if invested with power, will be likely to do the most good or the least mischief. It is more than probable that most of these men only a few weeks ago leaned decidedly toward the Republican side. Disgusted with the conduct of the Democrats in Congress, they were strongly inclined to think that, on the whole, the public interest would be safer in Republican hands.

In forming this conclusion they had in view rather the financial question than that of the tariff. The business of the country is rapidly adjusting itself to the lower import duties, and although party captains are still ejaculating the old war-cries, the tariff is not likely to be in the near future the main object of contention. But the financial question is universally felt to be the burning one, and not only the platform declarations, but the relative trustworthiness of the two candidates with regard to this subject, will be very keenly scrutinized by all who are no longer blind followers of the party drum. Just in this respect the disposition of such men to turn to the Republican party and its leaders has of late been rudely shaken; and nobody has done more to produce this effect than Mr. REED of Maine.

Mr. REED has indeed never been our ideal of the American statesman. His extreme partisanship, his unfairness in the treatment of political opponents, his reckless jingoism, his cynical levity in the face of serious situations, are ill suited to a true statesman's character. But he was credited with an acute mind, more than ordinary general ability, and a reserve of genuine power. Especially with regard to the subject of sound money and the financial honor of the nation he was looked upon as a champion without fear and reproach, whom nothing could swerve from the straight path, who in the service of this great cause at least would forget his partisan tricks, and who would always with unbending fidelity insist upon the utmost guarantee of security and good faith. Many good citizens who were not only not permanently attached to the Republican party, but even somewhat reluctant to co-operate with it, looked forward to the nomination of Mr. REED as the Republican candidate for the Presidency as a desirable thing at a time when the financial honor as well as the prosperity of the country are imperilled by wild schemers with a deluded multitude at their heels; and they might have supported him on the financial issue, feeling that with him in the Presidential chair the financial honor of the country at least would be in absolutely safe hands.

The general sensation of disappointment when Mr. REED showed himself capable of bidding for the favor of the silver men by conceding the substitution of "coin" for "gold" in the first loan bill, and gave the second loan bill with a "gold" provision in it only a reluctant, carping, sneering support, apt, and perhaps intended, to have a demoralizing effect upon his Republican followers, was all the more painful as the general confidence in his loyalty had been so strong. People asked themselves, "If Mr. REED, who was regarded as the firmest sound-money man among the Republican leaders, gives way at a critical moment, what Republican can we trust?" Thus Mr. REED has shaken public confidence not only as to himself, but as to the Republican party. He has dealt his party a vicious blow. When it is said that Mr. REED, as a prospective candidate for the Presidency, thought it necessary to reconcile to himself and to his party by his concessions the silver men and the Populists, the case becomes only worse. For we are reminded of the fact that the Republican party, when in power, has by just such concessions, by the ALLISON law, the SHERMAN law, and so on, only stimulated the courage and eagerness of the financial heretics, and greatly intensified the dangers with which the government is now so painfully grappling. It imperilled the country without gaining the political advantage schemed for. If the same criminal blunder be made again, the same consequences will follow, and Mr. REED will be the first victim. He has already by his pitiful stagger lost the prestige of his character, and he has certainly not gained any votes. He is heavily sitting down between two chairs, for this is a time when the country looks for candidates for the Presidency whom it can implicitly trust.

Mr. REED has succeeded in reminding the people of another thing. Republican speakers and Republican newspapers have long been in the habit of emptying on Mr. CLEVELAND'S head all the vials of their wrath and ridicule. They have denounced and vilified and lampooned him without measure or mercy. To believe them, he must be one of the most contemptible Presidents we ever had. Now, we do not by any means belong to Mr. CLEVELAND'S blind admirers. He has done things that we have found fault with, and not done things that we think he ought to have done. But in contemplating the exhibition Mr. REED, one of the bitterest scoffers, has made of himself, we remember that at the time when the last Presidential election was approaching it was generally thought Mr. CLEVELAND could easily obtain the Democratic nomination for the Presidency if he would only do something to conciliate the very powerful silver sentiment in his own party. He was told so by influential Democratic politicians every hour in the day. What did he do? At the critical period a mass-meeting was held in this city to protest against silver inflation, and Mr. CLEVELAND wrote a letter to that meeting in which he unequivocally, defiantly pronounced for sound money. He virtually took the nomination for the Presidency out of his pocket and shook it in the face of his party, saying, "You can do with this thing what you please, but here are my views of the public interest, from which I shall not budge." And he was nominated and elected. And ever since, when the country is in peril of financial collapse and disgrace, it turns to the much-vilified CLEVELAND with absolute confidence that he will exert his utmost power to save it; and that confidence is always justified no matter whether he has any party support or not, or whether Congress is for or against him. It would be immensely profitable to Mr. REED to study this bit of history with candor and care. And when the Republican party has a candidate for the Presidency who can be as unreservedly trusted with the financial honor of the republic as Mr. CLEVELAND, we hope it will let the country know.

CONGRESS IS RESPONSIBLE.

THE new loan, called by the government a purchase of gold, has not cleared the financial atmosphere nor relieved the Treasury of its perils and difficulties. On the contrary, with its attendant circumstances, it has emphasized and illustrated those perils and difficulties, as well as the follies of our present monetary laws. Twice before, the government has been compelled to go to the holders of gold and to ask for a loan for the purpose of replenishing the stock which is held as a reserve for the protection of the greenbacks and Treasury notes. Once it borrowed at 3 per cent., and the second time at a slightly lower rate. On each occasion the gold thus received has been drawn out again by those who are said to have come to the relief of the government, or by those who purchased the bonds from the original holders. The evidence that the gold was thus taken from the Treasury as a consequence of the government's banking business is irrefutable. When Mr. HARRISON became President, in March, 1889, the gold in the Treasury, including the $100,000,000 pledged to the reserve fund by a common understanding, and not by any express provision of law, was $327,000,000, and the net gold was $198,000,000. When the last loan was effected the amount of gold in the Treasury had been reduced to nearly $40,000,000. But there had been borrowed already by means of the two issues of bonds already alluded to $117,000,000. So that the Treasury had lost since the beginning of Mr. HARRISON'S term $275,000,000 of gold. This vast sum cannot be accounted for by the deficiency in the revenues, which at the end of the fiscal year 1894 amounted to $70,000,000, and now amounts to nearly $110,000,000. Therefore, if the gold exporters and hoarders had not been furnished with the means for exhausting the gold in the Treasury, and if the government's financial duties had been confined to the collection and disbursement of the public revenues, there would have been no need to borrow a dollar, while there would be now in the Treasury, after the payment of the whole deficiency, from the old accumulation of gold, the comfortable balance of $88,000,000. And that balance, in view of the improving condition of our revenues, would no longer be seriously threatened.

But the gold in the Treasury is still subject to the demand of the holders of the government paper. The bankers who have agreed to take the new $62,000,000 of 4 per cent. bonds have entered into a sentimental agreement that they will frown upon all attempts to withdraw gold from the Treasury for the purpose of exporting or hoarding it. This agreement, if it continue to be profitable to ship gold abroad, will turn out to be as futile and absurd as Canute's command to the advancing ocean. The bankers cannot make their agreement effective, and it is not likely that they will be so foolish as to try. They cannot restrain men from making money by transactions in gold. Of a piece with this provision of the extraordinary contract into which the government has been forced to enter is the promise to procure gold from Europe. There is no necessity of going to Europe for the gold that the Treasury needs to maintain the solvency of its demoralizing and demoralized banking business, for there is plenty of gold in the vaults of the banks of this country. The truth is that these provisions of the contract were inserted for moral effect rather than with the hope that they would be effective in preventing the operation of the laws of nature. But at such a time as this the only moral force on which the officers of the government ought to rely is that of absolute frankness.

The new loan means nothing more than the loans already effected have meant. Its proceeds fill up the reserve fund for a time, but the gold will disappear as the gold obtained twice before has disappeared whenever it may be profitably exported. The bankers have made an excellent bargain for themselves. They will doubtless realize a handsome profit on the transaction. They have lent money to the government at 3¾ per cent. at a time when British consols are selling at a price which makes them a 2½ per cent. investment, and when private persons with good security are paying 2 and 3½ per cent., respectively, for thirty and sixty day loans. They obtained the new 4's at about 104, when the outstanding 4's were selling for a little more than 110. It was a hard bargain for the government, but the Treasury was forced to borrow, and although better terms might have been obtained in the open market, time was essential. If the government made a bad bargain, the responsibility rests upon the absurd and perilous condition of things which Congress seems bent upon maintaining. Under our present system the Secretary of the Treasury is compelled to negotiate with the most astute bankers of the country in his effort to maintain our finances. This public servant, who is generally a lawyer, and who has probably had no connection with the business of banking, is asked to protect the government from the efforts of trained bankers who try to make a profit out of every bond or currency transaction to which they are parties, whether they trade with the government or with private corporations and individuals. If the system is to continue, the Secretary of the Treasury ought to be both a minister of finance and a banker. In other words, there is no better argument against the continued existence of the banking side of the Treasury Department than that furnished by the attempt of an able public man to prevent the clever kings of finance from obtaining the better of the government in a transaction concerning the subject with which they are most familiar and with which he has no acquaintance.

If a bad bargain has been made, and if the bankers who are to profit by it have reason to congratulate themselves on their cleverness, or on the ability with which they concealed from the administration the fact that they were quite as deeply interested in the success of the loan as was the Treasury itself, who is to blame? Undoubtedly the Congressmen who have again and again refused to come to the government's relief, and to remove the causes which operate not only to deplete the gold store of the Treasury, but to imperil the credit of the country. They have compelled the government to pay a rate of interest much higher than is warranted by our wealth or by our traditional dealings with the public creditors. They are enemies of the government. They may rave about the greed of the bankers as much as they please, but they will thereby only excite the contempt of rational men, for the public man who legislates or refuses to legislate on considerations or calculations that omit, as an element of the problem, the desire of all men who are engaged in business to make a profit, or to seek every opportunity, whether presented by hard or by prosperous con-

ditions, to add to their wealth, is as foolish as the virgins who went forth without providing themselves with a sufficient supply of oil. These Congressmen have obstinately defeated every effort to reform the currency, to retire the greenbacks and the Treasury notes, or to enable the Secretary of the Treasury to borrow money on reasonable terms. Their attitude on this whole subject has created a fear in the minds of capitalists that eventually the government will be on a silver basis, and will pay its coin obligations in silver. The attempt to allay this fear has been useless. The bankers who exacted the hard terms in the recent negotiation have shown the country what this fear is costing. In the present instance it is costing about $16,000,000 for the whole term during which the new bonds may run. That this is a real loss is shown by the further fact that the bankers are willing to take gold bonds at 3 per cent. While these negotiations were pending, or at least when the necessity for a new bond issue was assured, the House of Representatives voted down a gold-bond proposition, and Mr. REED and Senator SHERMAN insisted on coin bonds, as if there were a difference between them and gold securities. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that distrust of coin bonds should increase, and even now Senator TELLER announces that by selling coin bonds at 104 the government has purchased the privilege of paying its bonds in silver. This and the latest defeat of the WILSON resolution to maintain the public credit will only serve to confirm the distrust in our financial system.

Congress has created the doubts which have injured the country's credit so greatly that it has lost its former standing in the money markets of the world. In view of the object-lesson it has already had of the ill effects of its failure to act, its stubborn folly is almost incredible. But there should be no diversion of the responsibility. If the bankers have made a hard bargain with the administration, it is Congress that has compelled Mr. CLEVELAND and Mr. CARLISLE to make any bargain at all, that maintains a system which forces the Secretary of the Treasury to become a factor in the money market, and that is discrediting the country, and threatening its business interests with distress and ruin; and the longer Congress declines to do its duty, and plays with the forces of evil let loose by its own legislation, the harder and harder will be the bargains that the astute bankers will force upon a needy Treasury.

THE TENNESSEE SITUATION.

THE Democratic politicians of Tennessee are engaged in a conspiracy against their State, its Constitution, its laws, and its people. At their last election the Republican candidate for Governor, Mr. H. CLAY EVANS, received a majority of 748 on the face of the returns. The Democrats, however, control the Legislature, and they are using the power thus given them to defeat the will of the people, and to overturn the Constitution and the laws. The Constitution provides that the person receiving the largest number of votes shall be declared elected in the presence of the General Assembly, but the Legislature proposes to go behind the returns and to keep in power PETER TURNEY, the Democratic candidate, who was Governor when the election took place, but who was defeated for re-election by the people.

It matters comparatively little who is or who is not Governor of Tennessee, but it matters greatly that the people who have the right to vote shall have their votes justly recorded, fairly counted, and that the minority, however large it may be, and however long the party which it represents has been in power, shall abide by the result. That the law shall prevail everywhere throughout the republic is the concern of the whole country. Our form of government, our institutions, and our very existence as a nation are dependent upon the dominance of the law, and the law cannot prevail unless respect for it abide in the minds and hearts of the citizens whose representatives make the law and whose servants execute it.

The condition of affairs which is essential to the well-being of a republican community, upon which the safety and prosperity of the highest and the humblest citizens alike depend, is threatened by the Democrats of Tennessee. The Republican candidate was apparently elected fairly. The Democrats themselves evidently do not doubt this. They are depending upon the mere power of numbers, moved and governed by the obstinacy of unreasoning and senseless partisanship. They are bent on counting out a Governor. They are determined on a resort to fraud, to violence, to revolution. They are actually engaged in committing what they have professed to believe to be the especial sin of the Republican party.

It is doubtless hard for them to give up their control of Tennessee or of any other State of the solid South. But whether the change be for the better or worse, it ought to continue to be the American habit to yield obediently to the commands of the law and the will of the majority. The disintegration of the solid South is regarded not only with equanimity but with gratification in the North, and by the men of wisdom and foresight among the Southerners themselves, so far as the disintegration proceeds on wholesome lines. In Tennessee the tendency has been towards an increase of the Republican and a diminution of the Democratic strength. This tendency will certainly not be arrested by the conduct of the present Democratic Legislature. On the contrary, it is more likely to be stimulated. Americans, both in the South and in the North, like fair play and submission to the law. The politicians at Nashville, who are denying their rights to the majority of the voters of Tennessee, are arousing against themselves and the party which they believe that they are serving the popular sentiment of the State. The best men of their own party are demanding that they shall cease from their usurpation and permit the law to rule in Tennessee as it rules elsewhere; and some of the bolder and more outspoken among them are writing to the Democratic newspapers, predicting that the Republicans will certainly carry the State in 1896 if the effort to keep TURNEY in and EVANS out of office continues.

A SOUTH-SEA BLUNDER.

MANY compliments have already been paid to the genial novelist and man of letters who has made his grave in the far-distant island of the Pacific in which he made his home. The most original, and perhaps the one which ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON would have prized the most of all, comes in a curious form and from a singular source. The pro-colonial press of Berlin has lately been much in evidence, and in the English novelist's death it imagines that Germany has found her opportunity. The Kaiser is appealed to that the opportunity may not be lost of taking possession of Samoa now vacated by the late novelist. The Reichstag is exhorted to show a proper sense of the national interests, and to do its share in the work of rescuing Samoa from the baleful shadow of English influence.

If, as the Berlin press says, STEVENSON was the great obstacle in the way of an undivided German control in Samoa, he was so merely because he represented on the spot the freedom of appeal to the fair play of two great nations of Anglo-Saxon race. In Samoa he was regarded by the natives as their friend and champion, and he was powerful because he could make his championship felt. He had the command of that publicity which at all times and in all lands has always been the enemy of oppression. It is true that the late novelist was not in love with German officials or German methods in the Samoan group of islands, but in this he only echoed the feelings of the native inhabitants. But for that fact his wishes and feelings would have disturbed the Berlin press and the colonizing party in Berlin not at all. As it was, and is, the Protectorate which this party so fondly desires to establish in Samoa is both feared and detested by the natives.

The German party of colonization and their section of the press are going in the whole business just a little too fast. It is suggestive that they entirely ignore this country in the matter. It is English influence that is to be got rid of; it is England who is to be ousted from Samoa. It is evidently taken for granted that America is more than willing to efface herself. It is possible that this is the case, but even if it should prove to be so, Germany will find it by no means the easy matter that her colonizing press seems to fancy to get rid of England. Apart from the fact that she is proverbially hard to force or flatter into giving up anything she has once laid hands upon, there is something more in this particular matter than seems as yet to be quite understood in Berlin. It is not England, but England's colonies that are at the bottom of the Samoan question. Britain—except on the well-known general principle alluded to above—cares little enough about the little South-Sea islands in question. A new rectification of the so-called spheres of influence in Africa would attract her a good deal more for its own sake. In this matter, however, she cannot afford to please either herself or Berlin. Her great self-governing colonies have arrived at such size and importance that they insist upon being considered, and are considered, to an extent of which Berlin can form no conception. Australia and New Zealand already believe in a sort of MONROE doctrine for the South Pacific, which renders their consent to the surrender of Samoa to an undivided German protectorate utterly out of the question. And in the South Pacific what these great colonies demand England will do much and risk more to carry out. STEVENSON did no more than express what four millions of self-governing colonists feel in the matter to-day; he said less than they will, should the occasion arise, be ready to say to England very plainly to-morrow.

MR. HALE'S PROPOSED CABLE.

THE adoption by the Senate of Mr. HALE'S proposition for the construction by the government of a cable to Hawaii is a surrender to communism. The essential principle of communism is that the members of the community shall own property in common. When this principle flourished the world had the village community. Our own ancestors of the Teutonic race made allotments of the meadow-lands belonging to the town or the hundred, and kept the common pasturage undivided for the free use of all. There are survivals of the principle in England to-day. In Russia the village still owns lands that are allotted by it to the inhabitants. Communism is the accompaniment of an early or low state of civilization. As men grow out of barbarous or semi-civilized conditions the individual becomes a freer and more independent member of the community. His ambitions and energies are stimulated by his possession of the power to own the land on which he dwells, and to prosper by conducting business for his fellows. The community, with its government, defends him from the assaults of law-breakers, and ceases to be the extravagant parent, the common agent of all. If communism come again, we shall have government ownership of land, of railroads, of steamships, of mills and factories, of all the great instrumentalities of production and commerce, as well as of the Hawaiian cable. We shall then have gone back towards barbarism. Long before we reach that point, however, there will be a revolt. Many of those who are now clamoring for state interference and state ownership will be the first to resent the destruction of individual enterprise. There will not be needed many experiments in communism such as Senator HALE suggests to convince the rational majority that civilization and enlightenment are best promoted through the efforts of the master-spirits of the race. If the community is to undertake the work of the world, its achievements will be those to which the average man consents, whereas, under the system which enables Senator HALE to enjoy the long results of science, many of the most notable achievements have been through efforts which the average man has regarded as manifestations of folly. Is Mr. HALE certain, for example, that he would be in a position to consider the subject of an oceanic cable at all, if his communism had prevailed and individual genius and enterprise had been stifled by government paternalism and government ownership and conduct of great enterprises?

Mr. HALE possibly does not realize that his cable scheme is communistic. He has been so long in the habit of advocating communistic interference in the private affairs of citizens that it may be he is unconscious of the bad principle underlying his cable scheme. The Populist Senator ALLEN called his attention to it, and asked him what difference there was between the government ownership of a cable and the government ownership of a railroad? Mr. HALE answered that there was a great deal of difference, but he failed to point out precisely wherein it lay. There really is no difference in principle. Mr. HALE may say that a cable is necessary for the maintenance of our foreign relations. Then we might properly own the Anglo-American and other cables uniting us with Europe, with whose nations our relations are more important than they are ever likely to be with Hawaii, even if there shall be a rebellion at Honolulu every Sunday afternoon for ten years. Moreover, Mr. ALLEN may answer that railroads are essential to the conduct of inter-State commerce, and that that will excuse government ownership of railroads. In short, when once the government starts out on the road to communism, whither Mr. HALE and his fellows in the Senate are inviting it, there is no stopping-place in logic short of the goal which is indicated in the Ocala and other platforms of the Farmers' Alliance and the Populists. If the government can carry on the business of telegraphing to Hawaii, why may it not compete with land-telegraph lines, and thereby destroy the capital invested in that business, and drive the energies and talents interested in it into other channels? Why can it not set up transportation lines, and ruin existing railroads? Why may it not raise cheap wheat for the millions, or furnish cheap newspapers, or supply cheap gas? Why may it not do anything that individuals now do? But when Mr. HALE's communism thus flourishes in all its beauty, every one who works at all will draw a salary from the government, while the incentive of a prospective fortune will no longer stimulate genius or industry.

Seriously, it is quite within the realm of possibility that Mr. HALE will be sadly disappointed if the House adopt his cable schemes. While he has long been an unconscious communist, no one who knows him supposes that he has deliberately and knowingly chosen the economic philosophy of the fourth century.

MOUNTAIN-CLIMBING MADE EASY.

HITHERTO, all tunnels through mountains have been horizontal, or approximately so. Now, however, comes a project to tunnel a mountain the other way, with the intention of securing a channel for transit not over the mountain and beyond it, but to its summit. The pioneer mountain selected for this experiment is, according to the London *Lancet*, the Jungfrau. The plan is to make a vertical shaft from top to bottom with a "lift."

When the scheme was first decided upon the suggestion of the terrible *mal de montagne* which mountain-climbers experience when they reach a height of about 3000 metres caused the project to languish.

But meantime a scientist made experiments on guinea-pigs, with the intention of finding out just what causes the awful mountain-sickness. He found that an animal at rest could exist very comfortably in an atmosphere as rarefied as that to which the mountain-climber is subjected when he feels the mountain-sickness, but that a guinea-pig made to exert itself by turning a wheel became distressed in the same atmosphere. The animal at rest began to suffer only when subjected to an atmosphere equivalent to that at a height of 6000 metres, and his condition only became serious at the equivalent of 8000 metres.

These experiments prove pretty conclusively that an element of muscular fatigue enters into the condition known as *mal de montagne*. They leave little room for doubt that persons could be carried to the top of the Jungfrau, a height of 4000 metres, without discomfort. So the project to make the vertical tunnel is again under way, and we may expect that before long the young man of the period, as he shouts Excelsior, will bear no "banner of a strange device," but an unheroic elevator ticket.

THE HON. ISAAC PUSEY GRAY.—[See Page 186.]
United States Minister to Mexico.—Died February 14, 1895.

EUGÈNE YSAYE.

One is obliged to go back to the days of Wilhelmj and Wieniawski to find a parallel for the sensational success which Ysaye has won in the concert-rooms of the United States. Of course I am speaking of triumphs achieved with the violin, for nearly every year in the last two decades has brought to our shores either a phenomenal pianist or singer. Violinists of the highest rank are rarer birds than these, however, and though we have given respectful hearing to Vivien, Musin, Brodsky, Marteau, Thomson, and others of their guild, and our admiration to Sarasate, we have reserved our enthusiasm for the Belgian who conquered success at his first appearance in a concert of the Philharmonic Society last November. The reason is not far to seek: Ysaye belongs to that fortunate class of artists who make a quick and irresistible appeal to the fancy and emotions of their hearers, and compel the critical judgment to wait upon the feelings. He does this not by tricky device, but by musical merit of the highest order; and therein lies his greatness. He has a warmth of tone and an impassioned style which might challenge respect for soulless music—music of the kind that is supposed to appeal to the masses instead of the judicious few; but instead of thus setting down the pegs of popular taste he is chiefly concerned in setting them higher. He employs his prodigious gifts in vitalizing the sonatas of Bach, and discovering to the public that what they have been accustomed to think dry, pedantic, and uninteresting music is in fact full of pulsating beauty. He is popular with the masses and admired of the *cognoscenti* for the same reason, namely, because he is first a musician and afterward a violinist—first an interpreter, then a virtuoso.

Eugène Ysaye is a Belgian who was born thirty-odd years ago in the city of Liege. Music is an inheritance with him; his father is a musician—teacher, composer, and conductor—and he has a brother who is also a musician—a pianist. After he had learned all that he could from his father, he was fortunate in having an excellent conservatory hard at hand for further development. The music school at Liege, in which his friend and compatriot César Thomson now fills the same post that he does in the Conservatoire at Brussels, enjoys an excellent reputation, and has a creditable record in the roster of Europe's creative and reproductive musicians. But there were loftier heights in sight. Wieniawski was teaching at Brussels, and thither Ysaye went in 1874, and put himself in the hands of that master after he had been graduated from the Liege Conservatoire. Then followed an acquaintance with Vieuxtemps, who prevailed upon the governments of Liege and Belgium to grant the young man a subvention to enable him to continue his studies in Paris. In the French capital and elsewhere he remained under the eyes of Vieuxtemps until the death of that great artist, whom Americans remember as the most finished, elegant, and scholarly violinist that ever visited them. It was Vieuxtemps who set up the ideals which Ysaye has pursued during the fifteen years that he has been a travelling artist as well as the eight that he has spent in pedagogic work at the Brussels Conservatoire. Very noble ideals they are, and their highest exemplification is promised in the performance of Beethoven's concerto by Mr. Ysaye at the next concert of the Philharmonic Society, on March 9th. Vieuxtemps brought the traditional reading of this work from Vienna, whither he went, and where he played it as a young man for the criticism of many who had been Beethoven's professional and personal friends.

It is in cantabile playing that the true test of a violinist's power lies. The violin is first of all a melody instrument, the next in loveliness and expressive eloquence to the human voice, and it serves to characterize Ysaye's playing to say that the profounder the sentiment of the singing passages in a composition the greater is the satisfaction with which he fills his hearers. The mechanism of his playing is not always impeccable. He does not play as Von Bülow did in his prime (to make use of a comparison with pianists), but very much as Rubinstein did. His music is convincing because of its emotional intensity, not because of its technical correctness or glitter. Yet he has a wonderful command of the technics of his art, and the manner in which the melody bursts into efflorescence in his own compositions, or those of other virtuosi-composers who are naturally fond of displaying the capacity of their instrument, is oftentimes amazing. But it is when he is engaged in pouring the warm blood of his romantic nature into classical music that he discloses the real potency and bent of his genius. He makes a commanding appearance on the concert stage, and no small part of the magnetic influence which he exerts upon his listeners, from the moment that he steps before them, is due to the fact that every change of expression in his mobile face, every unconscious pose and every gesture speak of complete and unselfish devotion to his art.

H. E. Krehbiel.

EUGÈNE YSAYE.—From a Photograph by Sarony.

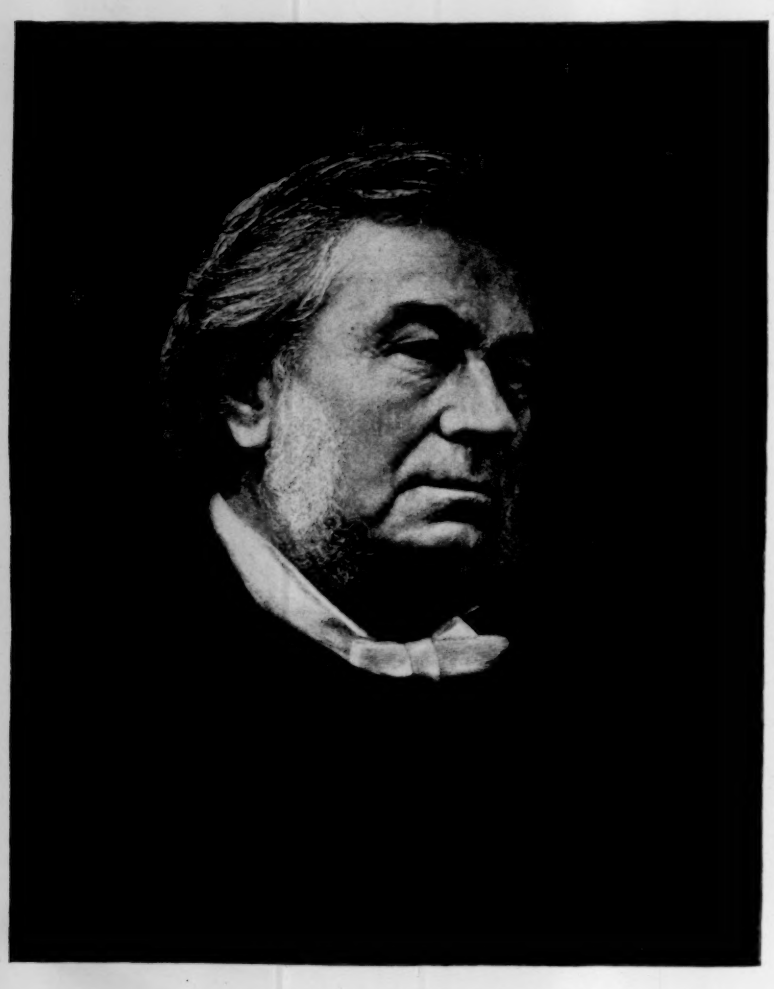
WINTER NIGHTFALL.

The west is glowing in a rosy sea,
Whose shining surf breaks dreamily upon
The white shore of the clouds till with warm gold
It richly blazes in the peaceful sky.

Now the rose fades into a dull deep red
That melts to violet, then to chrysoprase,
Then suddenly to cold and ashen gray.

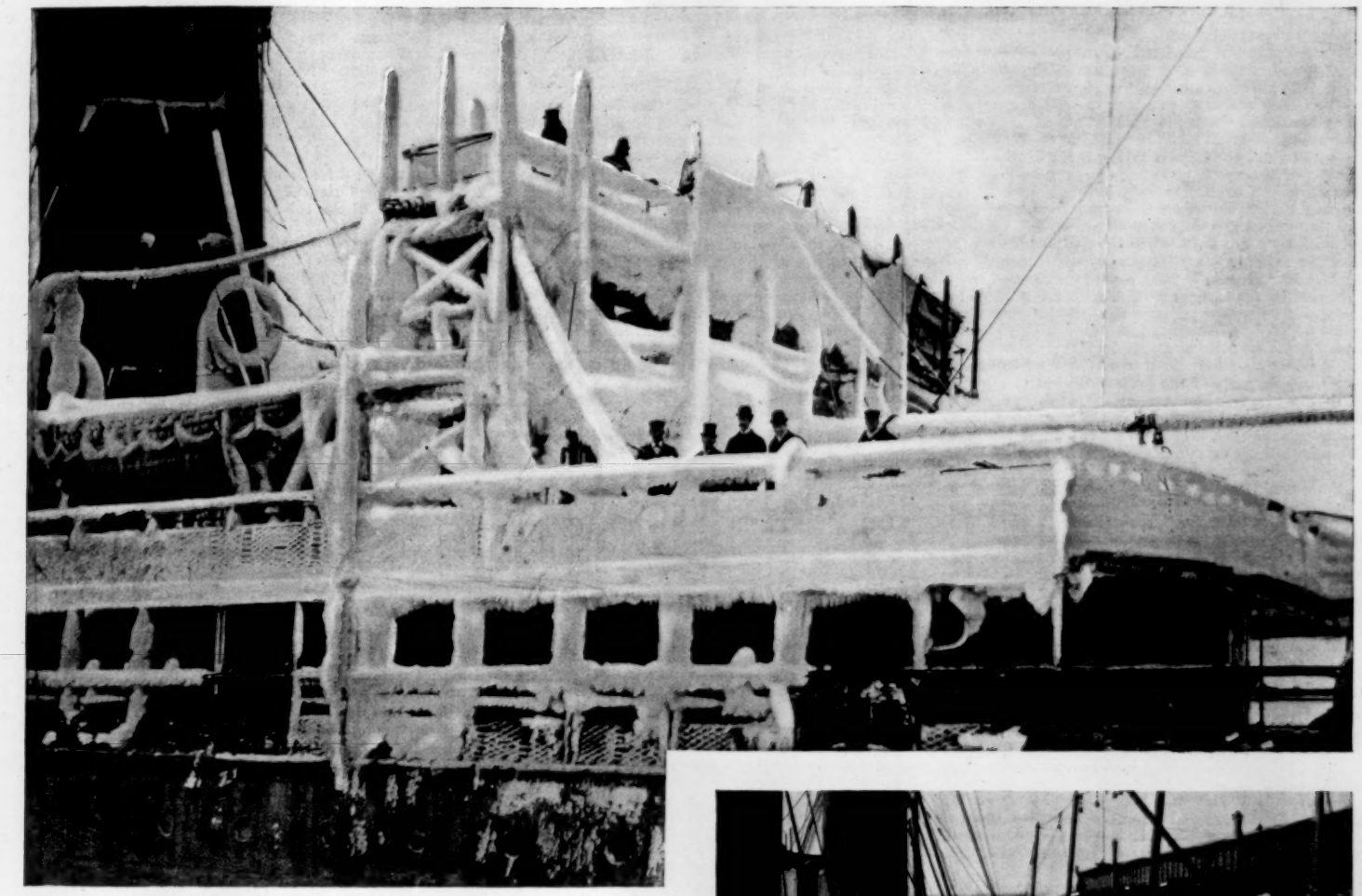
Although the prospect has a ghostly light,
The day and night have met, and day has flown.
Night, moving o'er the distant hills apace,
Unfolds her starry and majestic wing,
And on the snow-drift sparkling in the cold,
I see the forest's breeze-tossed silhouette
In the faint silvery glimmer of the moon.

R. K. Munkittrick.



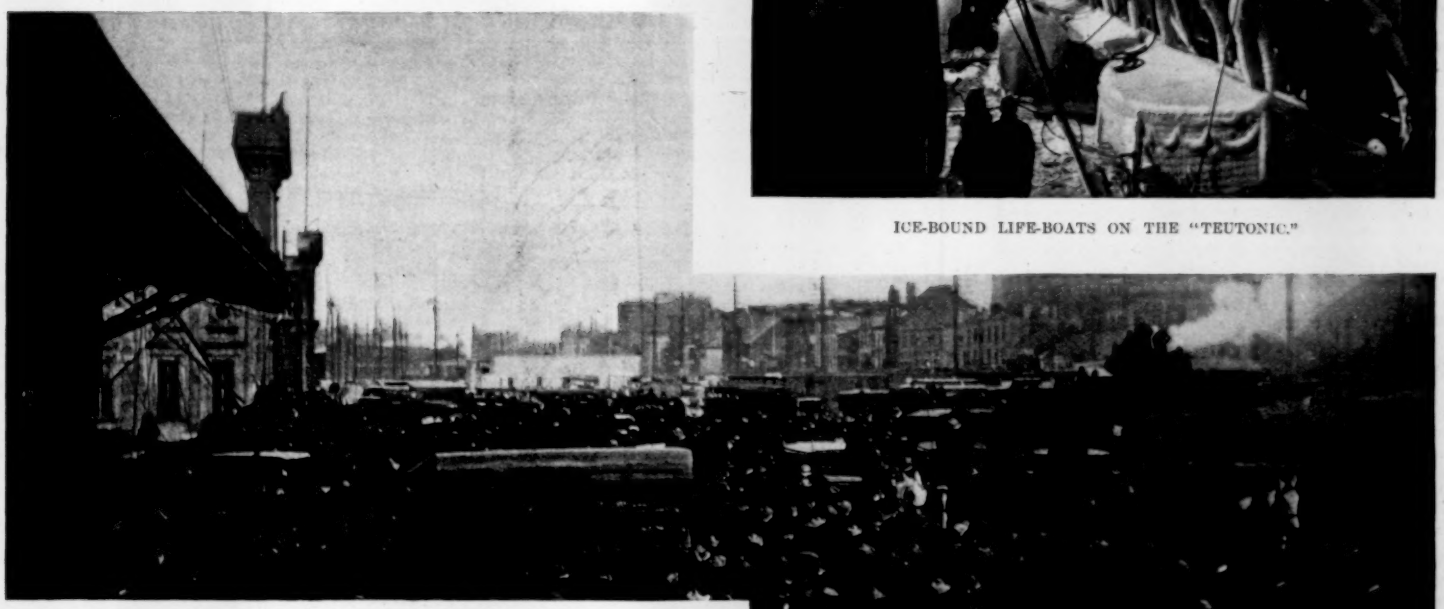
REV. DR. WILLIAM M. TAYLOR.—[See Page 174.]
Died Friday, February 8, 1895.

MAJOR-GENERAL THOMAS HOWARD RUGER, U. S. A.—[See Page 186.]
Promoted February 8, 1895.

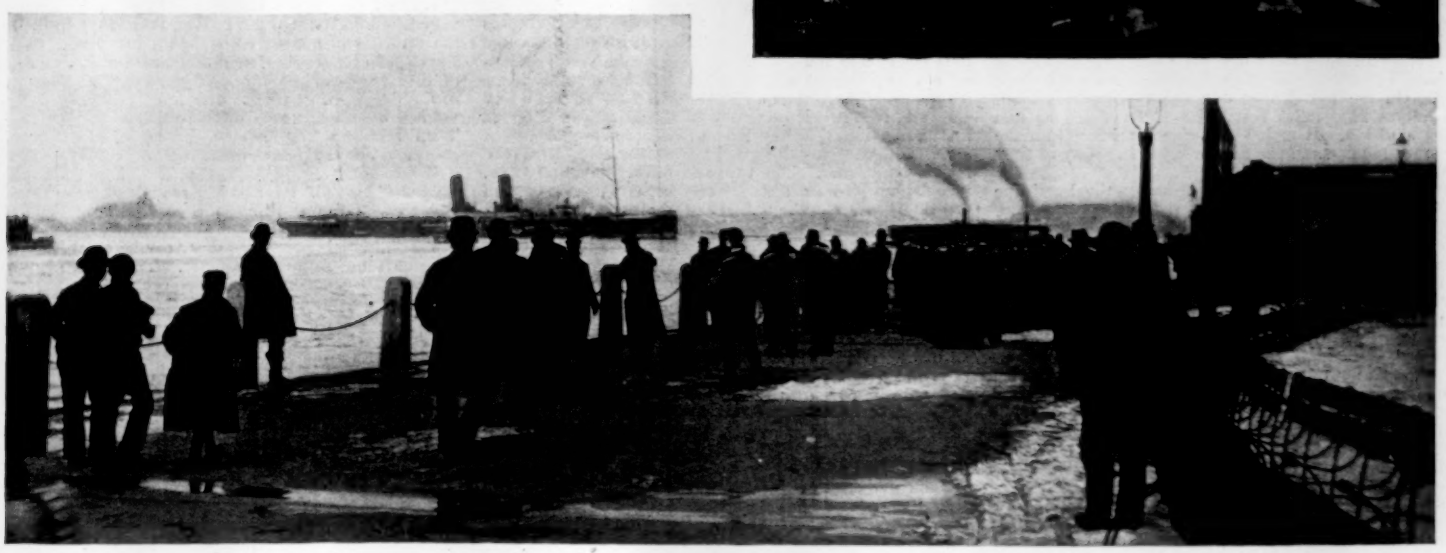


ICE-CLAD BRIDGE OF THE "UMBRIA."

ICE-BOUND LIFE-BOATS ON THE "TEUTONIC."



CROWD AT THE PIER AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF "LA GASCOGNE."



CROWD WATCHING "LA GASCOGNE" PASSING BATTERY PARK, EIGHT DAYS LATE.

RECENT STORMS AT SEA.—ARRIVAL OF BELATED STEAMSHIPS.—[SEE PAGE 174.]

"LA GASCOGNE" AND FEBRUARY'S GREAT STORM.

THE week from February 5th to February 12th will long be memorable in the record of winter storms. Two cold waves with violent winds swept across the continent, bringing with them a lower temperature than had been known in nearly a dozen years, and between these waves a furious storm of gritty snow pranced across the country and out to sea. The *Elbe* had been lost in the North Sea, and a steamer had gone down in Lake Michigan, and as the people of the seaboard cities, especially New York, felt the cyclonic blasts and saw the ice block their harbor, they turned their eyes toward the ocean and pitied those who had gone down to the sea in ships.

And well they might. When the first cold wave arrived the French line steamship *La Gascogne* had been two days overdue. When the snow came that clogged travel as no storm in decades, with the exception of the blizzard, had done, *La Gascogne* was four days overdue, and the *Teutonic*, of the White Star Line, was two days behind schedule time. The highest tide in forty years was reported in many places on the upper New England coast, and the whirling gusts of the cyclone dashed vessel after vessel that had no refuge in among the breakers and hard upon the rocks, and life after life was sacrificed to the fury of the storm king. The second cold wave followed, and then *La Gascogne* was five days overdue and *Teutonic* was three.

No ships could make port, and no reports came from these splendid specimens of the ship-maker's craft. Seafaring men said that the *Teutonic* had fallen in with *La Gascogne*, whose shaft had undoubtedly become broken, after the fashion of so many accidents at sea, and the two steamships were making port together. But on that night the *Teutonic* came into port alone, and brought with her nine shipwrecked sailors, and also the news that thirty hours before she had almost reached the harbor's entrance, when the terrific storm seized her and dragged her far out to sea again, practically helpless in its clutch. The *Teutonic* had not seen *La Gascogne*.

People began to gather about the newspaper bulletin boards, and theories were thick as to *La Gascogne's* disappearance. Shipping men were confident that she was safe, but the public began to believe that she had been sunk in some collision, or that perhaps her engines had crashed through the bottom, and that the ship had filled and gone down. Others said that she might be making for the Azores if she was still afloat, but as day after day passed and no vessel had spoken her, it was seen that if she was afloat she was off the track of steamers, and probably in great distress.

The Cunarder *Umbria* arrived the day after the *Teutonic*, and she had no news. She had a shipwrecked crew of fourteen. Like the *Teutonic*, she had gone through terrible weather, and as they passed up the river to their piers their iced shrouds, their marble-coated bridges, their white armor-plated bows and sides, told the story of the elements with which the hapless *Gascogne* must have struggled somewhere on the deep.

La Normandie, of the French line, that had left Havre one week after *La Gascogne*, was due on Sunday, and would follow in the same course. If she should come in alone, thousands reasoned that there would be no hope for *La Gascogne*. On Sunday, February 10th, late in the night, *La Normandie* did arrive alone, and when in the rough weather that prevailed the reporters brought their tugs within hailing distance of the craft and asked, "Have you seen *La Gascogne*? She is a week overdue," there was a scurrying on the newly arrived vessel that suggested a panic.

"What is that about *La Gascogne*?" asked an officer of the reporters, as he peered over the side of the ship.

"She is a week overdue, and no one has spoken her. Did you see any trace of her?"

The officer disappeared, and again there was a great commotion on *La Normandie*. In vain did the reporters shout for an answer to their question. Men were running here and there on *La Normandie*, and there was a babel of voices. Finally another officer came to the side of the ship, and as the reporters hurled question after question at him, he simply gazed at them with staring eyes, as if he could not believe they were not phantoms. Finally the American pilot appeared, and he shouted:

"They know nothing about *La Gascogne*. Do you suppose they would be here if they knew where she was?"

The reporters knew that themselves, but they had to have something to print, and they dashed away for the city.

On Monday several ships came in, bringing no news of the missing steamer. One of the arrivals, the *Francisco*, brought in nine more shipwrecked sailors, making thirty-two lives saved in less than a week. A little after four o'clock on that afternoon, however, the observer at Fire Island saw three steamers far out at sea. One was disabled. Soon he discovered that she was a French liner. In a few minutes the news that *La Gascogne* was safe was flashing all over the continent and across the sea to foreign lands. On the fourth day out, the reporters learned, when about 1200 miles from Havre, *La Gascogne* had broken a piston. It took about eighteen hours to make temporary repairs, and she floated about in safety as they were made.

After a day or two of slow steaming the hurricane that brought peril to every craft that met it came on, and *La Gascogne*, with hatches battened down, rode the water like a cork, and then, in a common-sense way, made for port slowly but surely, the captain confident and the passengers contented. On Tuesday morning *La Gascogne* moved up to her pier amid a tumult of salutes and the cheers of thousands on the river-front. An ovation greeted her at her dock. Tears and shouts alternated as the spectators saw many a family reunion. The ship had not only come in safely and under her own steam, but she had demonstrated that any of the liners under proper management can weather any storm that old ocean's fury can stir up, and in their excitement the thousands assembled at the pier did not forget to cheer the good ship itself.

Notwithstanding the interest in *La Gascogne*, the people did not forget the sterling display of heroism a crew of the *Teutonic* made when they tried to rescue the sailors of the schooner *Josie Reeves* on the Friday previous. Four sailors and the fourth officer volunteered to reach the sinking craft. For two hours they battled in the waves with their life-boat, the icy spray dashing over them constantly. When the officer's arm had been frozen from wrist to elbow, and when the rowers were on the verge of exhaustion, they had to give up the struggle and return. The *Teutonic's* captain then manœuvred his ship so that it gave the schooner a shelter, and the nine men came to the *Teutonic* in their own boats.

This incident, and the death in the rigging of six men in a wreck near Patchogue, on Long Island, with the excitement over *La Gascogne* and shipping generally, made the week one of dread, and even terror, to many interested in ships and in those on board of them. The reports of the storm on land, too, had their terrors. Hundreds of passengers were stalled in snow-drifts for twenty four hours. Some were without food, and some were fed by farmers. In one instance the passengers turned out and shovelled snow into the tender of a locomotive all night to make water for steam with which to heat the cars for the women and children.

Many persons were frozen to death. The Delaware at Philadelphia, and the Potomac for forty miles below Washington, were frozen over. From the Rocky Mountains to the Atlantic coast the country was in the grip of the storm. The cable soon brought the news that the stress of weather practically extended over the northern half of the globe, being especially severe in England and in China; and then those who watch storms and the weather know that this February storm would be memorable for more reasons than that of distress to shipping.

THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE'S GREATEST CRUSH.

THE great crush on the Brooklyn Bridge in the early evening of January 21st was undoubtedly the most severe strain the bridge has ever received from dead weight. For nearly two hours there were fully 2500 tons of people distributed along the structure at a given time. No greater strain from foot traffic will ever be known, probably, on the bridge. All the bridge authorities declared that it was the largest throng in its history, and a reporter in describing it said that the people were "packed as close as dried apples in a barrel—only they weren't dry."

The picturesque aspect of the crush was as interesting as its extent. Moreover, the fact that there was no accident, when a single cry would have undoubtedly started an alarm and panic, with no escape from death, was a tribute to the self-control of the American people as a whole, such as was probably never seen in this country. Chief Engineer Martin has said that there were 40,000 persons on the bridge all the time that the crush lasted. They swept over from New York like a mighty stream; and had any one slipped and fallen at the stairways, as happened on the day when the bridge was opened and several people were killed, no power could have checked the slow, irresistible, onward flow of that current of humanity, and many persons must have perished. A river never sought the sea more steadily than did that river of men, women, and children pour over the bridge into Brooklyn.

A dense winter fog had fallen over the city and harbor. The ferry-boats to Brooklyn for nearly an hour had ceased running. It was after five o'clock in the afternoon, and thousands turned from the ferries to the quicker transit of the bridge. Accidents at either end of the bridge had completely suspended the service of the cars, and then the thousands and tens of thousands turned to the promenade, and began a march that was slow, and really as dangerous as transit by boats in the thickest weather. The members of the crowd noticed at the start that the path was as crowded as the car platforms usually are on a rainy night, but it was thought that further out on the bridge there must be more room. Not until the first stairway was reached did the full situation dawn on the throng. It was impossible to turn back. As one mounted the stairs he found, to his surprise, that he could not even raise his hands, so closely was he hemmed in.

Up around the New York tower the crowd turned and twisted. The women were pale; scores of men were laughing, half boisterously, as a boy whistles to keep up his courage; and there seemed to be a nervous dread akin to hysteria pervading the entire crowd. Out on the centre of the bridge the throng was ominously silent. Really weird was the situation. The noise of tremulous whistles of boats creeping about in the stream beneath in the fog was suggestive of danger; the electric lights spluttered in an alarming way; big drops of moisture dripped from the wires and stays that disappeared into the clouds from the pathway; there was a noticeable vibration of the structure, and on every face there was a look of anxiety that plainly indicated fear of a panic.

The crisis was reached at the Brooklyn tower. There the crowd had to go down a flight of steps, and there was the greatest danger of falling. Had one woman become hysterical there and fainted, nothing could have prevented a trampling to death. That throng could not be stopped any more than a river can be stopped when any one falls into it. No one did faint and no one fell. It had been a long journey in the clouds, with each end of a structure carrying the weight of thousands of tons resting on a fog-bank. The towers, cloud-capped and hazy, reached up into the heavens indefinitely, it seemed, and the appearance of thousands upon thousands of human beings, apparently far from earth, seemed like a bodily translation to some realm of mist, as a result of the last trump.

I asked Superintendent Martin of the bridge whether he had made any special computation of the strain the bridge had undergone in those two hours from half past five o'clock until half past seven, and he said he had not, because there seemed to be no necessity for it. Each cable of the bridge is able to withstand a strain of 12,000 tons, and the strain from this crush, estimating the 40,000 persons on the bridge at one time at an average weight of 125 pounds, would be only 2500 tons. He said, however, that the conduct of the people illustrated wonderful self-control, and he had no doubt that if the crush had come in the early days of the structure a panic would have resulted, and the loss of life would have been greater than on the opening day of the bridge.

"There is no doubt about it," said Mr. Martin: "the people have come to trust that bridge, much as a child trusts its parents, and that accounts for the fact that no one was hurt on that occasion."

WILLIAM M. TAYLOR, D.D.

IN the death of Dr. William Mackergo Taylor the Presbyterian Church in America loses one of its most distinguished clergymen, and New York one of its most eloquent and effective preachers. During the twenty years or more that Dr. Taylor has lived in New York he has been one of the best-known and most picturesque figures in the metropolis. He was born in Scotland sixty-six years ago, and was educated at the University of Glasgow and the College of the United Presbyterian Church in Edinburgh. He is another illustration of the debt that the Presbyterian Church in the United States owes to the land of the thistle. In the last century there came Witherspoon and Nisbet, and in this McCosh and Taylor. Than these there have been very few men of greater influence and better work.

Dr. Taylor's first charge was that of the United Presbyterian Church at Kilmaurs, a village near Kilmarnock, his birthplace. Here he was settled for a year, and then accepted a call to the pastorate of the United Presbyterian Church at Derby Road, Liverpool. At this place he remained sixteen years. His church was near the docks, and in a neighborhood that did not afford a very promising field for a young and inexperienced minister. But Dr. Taylor had a most gratifying success, and built up a large and prosperous congregation. This charge he relinquished in 1870, and the following year came to America to preach in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. To occupy successfully the pulpit made illustrious by Henry Ward Beecher was a great achievement, and the test placed Dr. Taylor in the front rank of the preachers on this side of the sea.

He was invited while in Brooklyn to become the pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle in New York, and in 1872 he accepted the invitation, and remained the pastor until his death, though for the past three years his duties have been nominal. This church was one of the most prominent in the city.

During Dr. Taylor's pastorate of some twenty years the congregation increased in numbers, and the society grew in prosperity. He was a most attractive preacher, and had a manner of his own at once vigorous and convincing. When he was fifty-seven years old, and at the height of his power as an orator, his preaching was thus described by a person who very frequently heard him:

"In preaching, the impression which Dr. Taylor makes upon his hearer is that of great strength. His well-knit frame is itself a promise of the energetic expression of his thoughts. His movements preparatory to the delivery of his discourse are in no way suggestive of nervousness; all is quiet and calm. The prayer is tender and Scriptural in much of its diction. The sermon opens with a clear exposition of the passage in hand. As the speaker proceeds, the fervor of his nature finds expression in the forcible delivery of emphatic passages. He is all aglow with ardor, but perfectly self-restrained. While using manuscript, the action is as free as that of the ordinary extemporaneous speaker. It is this combination of the accuracy of careful composition with the energy of extemporaneous speaking which has contributed much to Dr. Taylor's extraordinary success. He has learned Chalmer's art of putting life and fire into the written sermon. The discourse is a sermon, by which we mean the exhibition and enforcement of some truth contained in the Bible. Dr. Taylor's sermons are not drawn from the depths of his consciousness, nor from philosophy, nor poetry, nor history, but from Scripture.

"Philosophy, poetry, and history are all pressed into his service, and his inner Christian life has obviously contributed to his apprehension of the meaning of the sacred text, but that text is his supreme authority. His theology is that accepted by all evangelical churches, and within its limits he is content to remain. This feature of his preaching is the charm which attracts to it a large proportion of his hearers. There are thousands of intelligent persons in our day who have heard the Bible much talked about with very little satisfaction to their minds, and really want to know what is in it. They would not stop ten minutes to hear a defence of its inspiration or an attempt to reconcile Moses with modern science, but will listen with intense delight to a preacher who makes the old heroes of the Bible live before the eyes of modern men. Old and New Testament personages who were before but names to many have become real, with their inner life exhibited in its beauty and power by the eloquent Tabernacle pastor. Dr. Taylor preaches the Bible as if he believed it, as if his mind lived and moved and had a home among its truths, and as if Peter and Paul and John and Elijah were men of flesh and blood like the rest of us."

Though Dr. Taylor was an active pastor, and carried on very thoroughly the usual business that falls to the lot of the minister of a large church with many charitable enterprises in its keeping, he found time for a large amount of literary work, and for four years was also the editor of the *Christian at Work*. His first book, *Life Truths*, a volume of sermons, was published in Liverpool in 1862. Then followed *The Miracles—Helps to Faith, not Hindrances; The Lost found, and the Wandered welcomed;* and a *Memoir of the Rev. Matthew Dickie*. These book were all published abroad. His first American book was *Prayer and Business*. This was published soon after he settled in New York.

Thereafter about every other year he completed a volume on some Biblical character. These were published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, and are as follows: *Ruth, the Gleaner; David, King of Israel; Elijah the Prophet; Peter the Apostle; Daniel the Beloved; Moses the Law-giver; Paul the Missionary;* and *Joseph the Prime Minister*. These volumes were extremely successful. He made the characters live again, and the books were read everywhere with great delight. He also wrote a history of the Scottish pulpit from the Reformation to the present day.

Even with all this, Dr. Taylor found time to lecture regularly at Yale College from 1876 to 1886, and also at Princeton in 1880. On the 30th of March, 1892, Dr. Taylor was stricken with apoplexy at his home in New York. The same day in Edinburgh he was chosen to succeed the late Dr. John Cairns as Principal of the United Presbyterian College, from which he was graduated forty years before.

Dr. Taylor was an invalid thereafter, and served his church as pastor emeritus.

MAYOR STRONG'S NEW MEN.

THE Legislature of New York passed a bill early this month giving the Mayor of New York city authority to remove the various commissioners at the head of the city departments, and to place other men of his own selection in these offices. This bill, by the Governor's approval, became a law on the 11th instant, and the next day Mayor Strong selected several of the new men who are expected to assist him in conducting the affairs of the city in a purely businesslike manner, and without reference to partisan politics. His first selections were for the Civil Service Commissioners to succeed Daniel P. Hays, Lemuel Skidmore, and Lee Phillips. These commissioners serve without salary, but the secretary of the board gets $5000 a year. Mr. Phillips has long been the secretary, and he retains that place, though no longer a commissioner. The new commissioners are Everett P. Wheeler, E. L. Godkin, E. Randolph Robinson, and Charles W. Watson.

Mr. Wheeler is a lawyer of eminence, and a very well known Democrat. He was the New York State Democracy candidate for Governor last fall, and polled 27,000 votes. He was one of the founders of the Reform Club, and has been its president. He is a member of various social and professional organizations, and has always been a leading advocate of the reform of the civil service.

Mr. Robinson is a native of Virginia, but has long been a resident of New York, in the society of which he has been prominent for thirty years. He is a lawyer of large practice, an independent Democrat, and a man of much polish and refinement.

Mr. Godkin is the editor of the *Evening Post*, and is an original "mugwump." He has always been an advocate of the reform of the civil service. He is a native of Ireland, and a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin.

Mr. Watson is a retired merchant with a comfortable fortune. He is a Republican, but not an extreme partisan.

The law allows the Mayor to make five civil service commissioners, and it is thought that he will in a little while take advantage of this and name another new man.

Mayor Strong's next selection was for the important position of Commissioner of Public Works. Under partisan administration this place is of great political advantage, as there is more patronage, direct and indirect, than in any other department. Under Tammany rule the department has usually been in the hands of men very skilful in using the spoils of the office and awarding the contracts so as to strengthen that organization and enrich its leaders. Mr. Gilroy was Commissioner of Public Works before he was elected Mayor, and he was succeeded by Michael Daly, a typical Tammany leader and professional office-holder, without any training whatever to fit him for the important responsibilities as the head of this great department of construction. To succeed Mr. Daly Mayor Strong appointed Mr. William Brookfield, a manufacturer, and for several years past a leader in the Republican party in the city and State. Mr. Brookfield is a native of New Jersey, but early came to New York, settling first in Brooklyn. He is the owner of the Bushwick Glass works, one of the largest glass-manufacturing concerns in the country. Ten years ago he became prominent in local politics, and was made a member of the Republican County Committee. He was a candidate for Presidential elector on the Republican ticket in 1892. For several years he was chairman of the Republican County Committee, but since the last autumn election Mr. Platt has not considered him pliable enough to his wishes, so a few weeks ago he was defeated for this place by Mr. Lauterbach, who has acknowledged that he represents Mr. Platt in the local party affairs. Mr. Platt had a candidate for the position of Commissioner of Public Works, Colonel Fred Dent Grant. The selection of Mr. Brookfield is a striking and significant declaration of independence on the part of Mayor Strong from the dictation of Mr. Platt. Mr. Brookfield, who is fifty-one years old, may make an excellent officer, but it is not likely that he would have been thought of had it not been for his conspicuousness in politics. Mr Strong can remove him before the 1st of July, and his term ends on the 1st of May, 1897. The salary of the office is $8000. General C. H. T. Collis has been appointed Deputy Commissioner in the place of Maurice Holahan.

The next office filled by the Mayor was that of Corporation Counsel, held for several years past by William H. Clark, who was appointed to the place at the instance of Mr. Bourke Cockran when he was one of the leaders in Tammany Hall. Mr. Clark and Mr. Cockran were partners in the practice of the law. For this place Mr. Strong selected Mr. Francis M. Scott, a New York State Democrat, once a candidate for Mayor against Hugh M. Grant, and at the time of his appointment an Aqueduct Commissioner. Mr. Scott is a native of New York, and forty-seven years old. He was educated in the College of the City of New York and the Columbia College Law School. He began practice as a partner of the late Judge Sutherland of the Supreme Court. He was early recognized as a lawyer of ability. In the fight against the Tweed ring he was one of the founders of the Young Men's Democratic Club and of the band who followed the lead of Mr. Tilden. He held no public office till 1885, when he became Assistant Corporation Counsel. He was in this office, having made an admirable record for fidelity and ability, when Mayor Hewitt appointed him Aqueduct Commissioner, where he still further won the regard of good citizens. It was in 1890 that he ran for Mayor.

The next day after the appointments mentioned Mayor Strong named three new men for commissioners of the parks. The old Park Board was composed of Messrs. Clausen, Tappen, Straus, and Bell. These commissioners will long be remembered on account of their complete abandonment of the traditions which had theretofore protected the public parks from vandalism and destruction at the hands of ignorant improvers. The new members of the board are James A. Roosevelt, Augustus D. Juilliard, and George Griswold Haven.

Mr. Roosevelt is a member of one of the most noted families in New York annals, and is a man of large wealth. He is president of the Equitable Trust Company, and active in large financial affairs. He is not active in politics, but has been considered to be a Democrat. He is a member of half a dozen social clubs and a trustee of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Mr. Juilliard is a merchant and manufacturer and a man of wealth. He is a Republican, and has had close friendly relations with Mr. Strong for many years.

Mr. Haven is a banker and a man of wealth. He was once before named as a Park Commissioner, but declined the appointment. Last autumn, when Tammany was looking for a man of respectability to run for Mayor, the nomination was offered to Mr. Haven, but he declined. Mr. Haven is a Democrat, but a member of the Union League Club as well as the Manhattan.

The Park Commissioners serve without salary, but the president of the board, selected from among their number, receives $5000 a year.

On the 14th instant Mayor Strong made two more appointments, naming a Police Commissioner to succeed John C. Sheehan, and an Aqueduct Commissioner to succeed Mr. Scott. Mr. Sheehan's unsavory reputation is well known. To succeed this Tammany man the Mayor appointed Avery D. Andrews, who till three years ago was in the regular army, being a first lieutenant of artillery, and attached to the staff of General Schofield, his father-in-law. Mr. Andrews is thirty-one years old, and was graduated from West Point. He resigned from the army in 1892, and entered upon the practice of the law in New York city. Mr. Andrews is a Democrat. For Aqueduct Commissioner, Mr. George Walton Green was appointed. Mr. Green is a Democrat, and is forty years old. He is a Harvard man, and a lawyer, and ran for Congress last autumn against Mr. Cheeseborough, Republican, and Mr. McClellan, Tammany Democrat.

THIS BUSY WORLD

AN address on the "Importance of Good Manners," delivered on Founder's day last year at Vassar College, by Professor Edward S. Morse, of Salem, Massachusetts, has been issued in pamphlet form suitable for distribution in schools. Professor Morse, whose attainments and accomplishments are well known, is particularly learned in matters pertaining to the Japanese. Between 1877 and 1884 he spent five years in Japan, and during part of that time was Professor of Zoology in the university at Tokyo. He got to know the Japanese very thoroughly, and in his address to the Vassar girls he contrasts the marked and universal politeness of the Japanese with the rudeness of his own countrymen. It is to be feared that we are not yet a polite people. In his narrative of the experiences of an amateur emigrant, Mr. R. L. Stevenson records as the results of his first short experience with the people of New York that they "were all surprisingly rude and surprisingly kind." After landing from his ship he went around town all day in a pouring rain, doing various business. His impression of the manners of the people, confirmed by his later experience, was that "by the time a man had about strung me up to be the death of him by his insulting behavior, he would himself be just upon the point of melting into confidence and serviceable attentions."

Professor Morse thinks deplorable things of the native American boy, and tells of the havoc he plays with plants in the Boston Public Garden, and of his vandal destructiveness as shown in the wreckage of ornamental fences or works of art left out-of-doors. He finds the German children immensely better behaved than ours, and as for the Japanese children, the superiority of their conduct is almost incredible. The Japanese never crowd. One can get through the biggest assemblage of them without pushing and without difficulty. They never throw papers, or orange peels, or tin cans, or any trash in the streets. Their back yards are as well kept as their front yards. In truth, they are courteous to a fault, for they are too polite to differ in society with any opinion expressed, which destroys discussion, and they cannot write the simplest note without interminable preambles of civil nothings. So their formalities delay business, and are often vexatious. Their manners would not suit us, but if we could learn from them what national politeness is, and follow them a safe distance off, a grateful amelioration of American behavior might result. Copies of Professor Morse s pamphlet are supplied at cost for distribution in schools. It is certainly a good pamphlet to put in the hands of Americans who are still young enough to improve.

There is a palpable suggestion of eagerness in the recent letter of Mr. Civil Service Commissioner Theodore Roosevelt to the Collector of Customs of Eagle Pass, Texas. The Texan collector wrote the commissioner that the indigenous cow-punchers were fitter to be mounted inspectors in his district than college graduates who could make a greater figure in a civil service examination. Whereupon Mr. Roosevelt replies that in all cases the examination should fit the service, and guarantees the collector such an examination as shall demonstrate the fitness of any college graduate or other person who can pass it to be a mounted inspector. After a simple test had demonstrated the capacity of the candidates to read, write, and cipher, Mr. Roosevelt would provide them with an examination, competitive or otherwise, in shooting at a mark both with rifle and revolver, on horseback and afoot. Following that would come a test of ability to follow a trail; and then a test of horsemanship, including the use of the lariat, the ability to rope, saddle, mount, and ride a half-broken colt, and to rope and throw a steer. "Any one who can pass these tests," Mr. Roosevelt writes, "is sure to be not only a good shot and rider, but also a strong, hardy man, with a fair share of nerve, who can readily be turned into such an inspector as you desire."

The collector at Eagle Pass doubtless realizes now that if there is one thing that Commissioner Roosevelt would rather do, and is better qualified to do, than another, it is to conduct an examination for mounted inspectors.

The example of New York and Ohio in founding colonies for epileptics is about to be followed by Illinois. The medical societies of that State and of the city of Chicago are moving in the matter, and have submitted a bill for the purpose to the State Legislature.

Cousin Henry, who writes editorials for a country paper, and rarely comes to New York, feels it his duty to his constituents when he does get to town to see some of its shows. He was here a fortnight since, and being snowbound and unable to get home, he went solemnly over, all by himself, after dinner, and saw Cissy Loftus and the "living pictures."

Henry says he sat holding his breath for fifteen minutes waiting for Cissy to get to the wicked part of her performance, and when it ended, without the least violence done to propriety, he could scarcely believe his eyes. To see so large an audience in a rum-and-tobacco variety theatre so perfectly entertained and satisfied by a performance so innocent gave him, he said, new ideas about metropolitan taste.

As for the "living pictures," Henry was impressed with the great beauty of some of them, but the expositions of the nude in art disappointed him, and made him realize, he said, better than ever before the reasonableness of the interest of womankind in clothes. It is a fact—doubtless a somewhat trite fact—that the nude "living pictures" are not quite indecent enough to be scandalous, not nearly decent enough to be nice, not well constructed enough to be satisfactory as art, and not much good at all except as curiosities. They do, however, help to reconcile the observer to clothes, and that is a rather useful office.

François Coppée is coming to this country to deliver a series of lectures on French literature and to read from his own works. He will be welcome. His stories in HARPER'S MAGAZINE have made him known to many Americans who are not much acquainted with modern French writers, and who will be glad to hear what he has to say about his brethren. No one who has read M. Coppée's stories can doubt that their author is a charming gentleman. He belongs distinctly to that class of writers whose personality, as it appears in their works, interests and attracts their readers.

President Eliot's remarks in his annual report on the game of football afford an effective illustration of the change in the dimensions and field of the college president's duties. If President Quincy had formed an opinion, as President Eliot has, that football as played was unfit for college use, he would probably have stood up at morning prayers and said: "Young gentlemen, football as you play it is too rough a game to be permitted. It will be discontinued from this day as a college exercise." Dr. Eliot conveys his impressions of football very much as President Cleveland conveyed, the other day, to Congress, his convictions as to the need of fiscal legislation. The impressions are clear and definite, but they seem to be imparted rather to relieve the writer's mind than in any great expectation that action will be taken on them.

It is remarked with interest that the January number of the *Yellow Book* continues at large, and that Mr. Beardsley still escapes arrest. Perhaps if Lady Henry Somerset could be in two countries at once—but it seems not altogether safe to joke about Lady Henry.

The Rev. Satori Kato, superintendent of the Tokyo Mission in Japan, writes to the WEEKLY from the Japanese consulate in New York about the recent deposition of his friend the Rev. Naomi Tamura from the ministry of the Japanese Presbyterian Church. Mr. Tamura is the author of *The Japanese Bride*, a book published by the Harpers, and it is to statements made in that book that his deposition is immediately due. His fellow-Presbyterians in Japan say that his book scandalously disparages the native sisters, but Mr. Kato insists that that is only a pretext, and that Mr. Tamura has been persecuted partly because missionaries and native ministers have been jealous of his success, partly because his extreme orthodoxy was unacceptable to the Japanese Presbyterian Church. One purpose of Mr. Tamura's book seems to have been to correct the poetical impressions about Japan and her daughters conceived and disseminated by Sir Edwin Arnold—a duty which, perhaps, it would have been more discreet for him to have left to some foreigner. Nevertheless, neither his book nor his orthodoxy seems to have alienated from him his immediate associates. His church, Mr. Kato says, stands by him; and though deposed from the ministry, he is still its pastor, still president of the Industrial Home, from which students go to the Imperial University, and still editor of two weeklies and a monthly paper.

E. S. MARTIN.

WINTER DAYS.

SPRING has its tender, smiling hope,
  Its hints of radiant bloom,
And summer casts a horoscope
  In sweet, star-haunted gloom;
But neither spring nor summer fills
  My heart with old ecstatic thrills.

Keen winter with its turquoise skies,
  Its frosty, sparkling airs,
Its bold, harmonious voice that cries
  Health to the world's despairs,
Its robust will, its hardy sense
  Of life and joyous recompense—

This is the lever of the soul,
  This the wild ardent will
That fashions man to such a whole
  As faith might have him still,
That guides the blood-stream of his life
  Along the shadowy trails of strife.

Winter of ice, and sleet, and snow,
  Of gray, unflowering earth,
Yet singing through the winds that blow
  Their large tempestuous mirth,
For me it has a heart of fire
  Unquenched and deathless as desire.

G. E. MONTGOMERY.

THE AMERICAN SINGERS IN FRENCH AND ITALIAN OPERA.

It has been a source of gratification to some persons, whose patriotism is dominant, to know that several of the principal singers in the Metropolitan Opera-house Company were Americans. It may have seemed strange to some who have taken the trouble to think about the matter that these Americans are all of the sex which normally furnishes the lyric world with only sopranos and contraltos. But it is a matter of record that American women have long held prominent positions on the operatic stage, while American men have never risen to great eminence there. This country has produced prominent sopranos and contraltos, but never a great tenor. It is therefore not surprising that in the present company of the Metropolitan Opera-house there should be four American women in leading positions, while the men are all of foreign birth.

The American women of the organization are Mrs. Emma Eames-Story, Mrs. Lillian Norton-Gower—better known as Madame Nordica—Miss Sibyl Sanderson, Miss Zelie de Lussan, and Miss Lucile Hill. Mrs. Story, who is always advertised in the newspapers and on the housebills as Madame Emma Eames, was born in Boston, and is about thirty years of age.

Madame Eames studied the art of singing for three years under the well-known Boston teacher Clara E. Munger, at whose suggestion she placed herself under the guidance of Charles R. Adams for special instruction in operatic performance. In March, 1886, Mr. Adams introduced to the public a number of his pupils in acts from various operas, and Miss Eames was heard as Marguerite in the third act of *Faust*. In the following autumn, encouraged by the success of her first operatic venture, the young lady went to Paris, where she became a pupil of the most famous teacher of our day, Madame Marchesi, the instructor of Gerster, Melba, Calvé, Sanderson, and many others of repute. In 1889 Miss Eames appeared at the Grand Opéra in Paris as Juliet in Gounod's opera. She achieved a genuine success, and the result was an offer from Sir Augustus Harris in 1891 to become a member of the Covent Garden Company. When Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel, & Grau secured control of the Metropolitan Opera-house in 1891, Madame Eames was engaged as the principal soprano of their organization, and made her début as Juliet on December 14th. Since that time she has been constantly before the London and New York publics. She is the wife of the American artist Julian Story. Madame Eames has a lovely voice, of a timbre about midway between that of the most familiar kind of colorature singer and that of the average dramatic soprano. She sings with great purity of style, and with delightful freedom from technical faults or mannerisms. Her work is rather too full of classic reserve, and she is not successful in the histrionic side of her more dramatic characters. She has pleased the New York public best as Marguerite, Juliet, Elsa, and Micaela.

Madame Nordica was born Lillian Norton, in Maine, about thirty-six years ago. While she was still a child her parents removed to Boston, and hence she is generally said to be a Boston woman. She studied singing several years at the New England Conservatory of Music, and then her mother took her abroad. In Milan she studied for a long time under Sangiovanni, who was so well pleased with the results of his instruction that he undertook to secure for her an opportunity to appear in opera. She made her début in Milan, as the consumptive Violetta in *La Traviata*. Her success was sufficient to enable her to secure engagements in St. Petersburg and Moscow. She was finally invited to enter the sacred portals of that high temple of lyric art, the Grand Opéra of Paris. While singing there she met Henry Gower, a young journalist, of Providence, and became his wife. Mr. Gower subsequently made a balloon ascension, from which he never returned. Madame Nordica is at present the promised bride of Zoltan Dömé, a well known European tenor.

After her marriage to Mr. Gower, Madame Nordica retired from the stage for a short time, but in 1887 she reappeared, at Covent Garden, London. In the last four years she has been one of the most useful members of the Metropolitan Opera-house Company. Her repertoire is so large and varied, extending from parts like Violetta and Filina all the way to Aïda and Desdemona, that she can at a moment's notice take the place of any other soprano in the company. Last summer she was engaged by Frau Cosina Wagner to sing Elsa in *Lohengrin* during the Wagner festival at Baireuth. Her success was remarkable, and she subsequently sang in opera and concert in other parts of Germany, winning praise that must have been inexplicable to any one unacquainted with the low state of vocal art on the German operatic stage. Madame Nordica has a strong soprano voice of good range, but of hard metallic quality. It is not now as flexible as it was in youth, and no longer lends itself readily to the execution of florid music. This singer supplies to a considerable extent a lack of temperament by intelligence, study, and conscientious effort. Her most satisfactory rôles are Valentine in *Les Huguenots*, Aïda, Elsa, and Selika in *L'Africaine*. She is much liked as a concert and oratorio singer in both England and America.

Miss Sibyl Sanderson is a native of California, where her father was a prominent jurist. He died before she began to study music seriously. She has had many teachers, but her first important instruction was received in the Paris Conservatory. After leaving that institution she became a pupil of Sbriglia, who was at one time the instructor of Jean de Reszké. Subsequently she studied the rôle of Manon under the composer Leoncavallo, who introduced her to Jules Massenet, composer of *Manon*, and that made her fortune. Massenet became enthusiastic about her, and made her future his especial care. It should be noted, however, that before this she studied for a time under Madame Marchesi, and had some special instruction from Délibes in the rôle of Lakmé. She made her operatic début in 1888, at the Hague, under the name of Ada Palmer. She pleased the public there, and Massenet thought it would now be safe to introduce her to Paris. He had just completed his *Esclarmonde*, and he intrusted the title rôle to her. She made her Parisian début in it at the Opéra Comique on May 15, 1889. Three things contributed greatly to her success: she was handsome, she had a high G, which some one happily christened her Eiffel Tower note, and Paris was full of strangers visiting the exposition. In the autumn of 1891 she appeared in *Manon* at the Opéra Comique. A year later Saint-Saëns wrote *Phryne* for her, and in the fall of 1893 she made her first appearance at the Grand Opéra, in Massenet's *Thaïs*. She appeared for the first time in America at the Metropolitan Opera-house on January 16th as Manon. She has a light small soprano voice, which is hardly suited to so large an auditorium as that of the Metropolitan, and which is further injured by bad placing. She has an excellent stage appearance, wears handsome costumes, and acts with intelligence.

EMMA EAMES IN "NOZZE DI FIGARO."
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LILLIAN NORDICA AS ELSA.

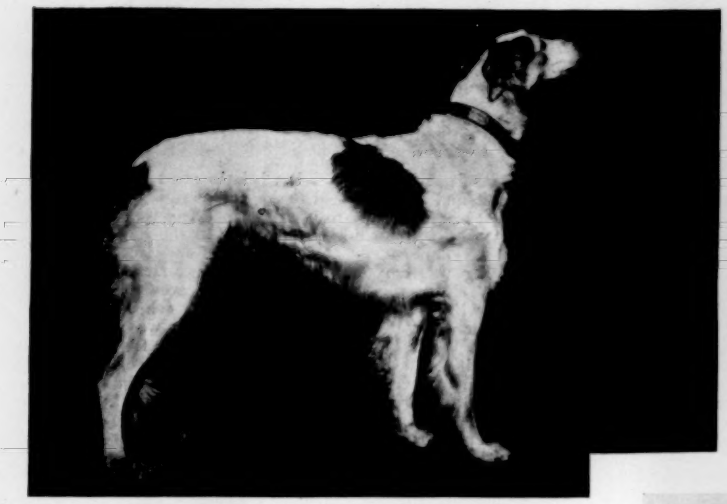
Miss Zelie de Lussan is an American by birth, though her parents were French. Her mother, Madame Eugénie de Lussan, was a well-known singer, and from her the daughter received all her instruction in vocal art. She imitated Madame Patti by appearing in concert at the age of nine. She first became known, however, as a member of the Boston Ideal Opera Company, whose remnants are now the Bostonians. She subsequently travelled with a company which performed opera in English, and sang in *The Daughter of the Regiment*, *Carmen*, *The Elixir of Love*, *Faust*, *Giralda*, and *The Queen's Musketeers*. In 1888, at the suggestion of Colonel J. H. Mapleson, she went to London, and obtained an engagement to sing at Covent Garden. In 1889 she appeared as Marguerite, at Her Majesty's Theatre, under the management of Colonel Mapleson. She sang in London and the provinces for five years, and then joined the Carl Rosa company. In 1894 she became a member of Sir Augustus Harris's company, and sang in *Carmen*, at Covent Garden, with Jean de Reszké, Melba, and Lassalle. Mr. Grau engaged her for this season at the Metropolitan, where she appeared as Carmen on November 26th. It was unfortunate for the singer that she had to face an audience familiar with the highly dramatic impersonation of Madame Calvé. Miss De Lussan pleased her hearers much more when she subsequently sang Zerlina in Mozart's *Don Giovanni*.

Miss Lucile Hill, one of the secondary sopranos of the company, was born in Trenton, and is a pupil of Madame Marchesi. She made her London début in Sir Arthur Sullivan's *Ivanhoe*. She has been heard here as Mathilde in *William Tell*, Micaela in *Carmen*, and Nedda in *Pagliacci*. Her voice is smooth and well trained, but her style lacks warmth and distinction.

SIBYL SANDERSON AS MANON.

ZELIE DE LUSSAN.
From a Photograph by Dupont.

LUCILE HILL.
From a Photograph by B. J. Falk, New York.



GROUBIAN—RUSSIAN WOLF-HOUND.

ORMSKIRK SUSIE—COLLIE.

SISTER—DACHSHUND.

DUNMURRY—IRISH TERRIER.

BRUNTFORD REDJACKET—COCKER-SPANIEL.

BELLONE—BROWN POODLE.

MR. WASHINGTON'S KILDARE KENNEL OF IRISH SETTERS.

KING ORRY—BULL-DOG.

BOXER III.—BOBTAIL SHEEP-DOG.

MIKADO—JAPANESE SPANIEL.

FINE DOGS FROM NEW YORK'S NINETEENTH ANNUAL BENCH SHOW.—[See Page 183.]

THE RED COCKADE.*

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

CHAPTER VIII.

GARGOUF.

SOME called for silence, while others stared at me stupidly, or pointed me out to their fellows; but the greater part took up the woman's cry, and, enraged by my presence, shook their fists at me and shouted vile threats. For a minute the air rang with "À bas les seigneurs! À bas les tyrans!" and I found this bad enough. But in a moment, whether they caught sight of the steward, or merely returned to their first hatred, from which my appearance had diverted them, the cry changed to a sullen roar of "Gargouf! Gargouf!"—a roar so full of the lust for blood, and coupled with threats so terrible, that the heart sickened and the cheek grew pale at the sound.

"Gargouf! Gargouf! Give us Gargouf!" they howled. "Give us Gargouf, and he shall eat hot gold! Give us Gargouf, and he shall need no more of our daughters!"

I shuddered to think that mademoiselle heard; shuddered to think of the peril in which she stood. The wretches below were no longer men, but, under the influence of this frenzied woman, mad brute beasts, drunk with fire and license. As the smoke from the burning building eddied for a moment across the crowd and hid it, and still that hoarse cry came out of the mirk, I could believe that I heard not men, but maddened hounds raving in the kennel.

Again the smoke drifted away, and some one in the rear shot at me. I heard the glass splinter behind me. Another a little nearer flung up a burning fragment that, alighting on the ledge, blazed and sputtered by my foot. I kicked it down.

The act for the moment stilled the riot, and I seized the opportunity. "You dogs!" I said, striving to make my voice heard above the hissing of the flames, "begone! The soldiers from Cahors are on the road. I sent for them this hour back. Begone before they come, and I will intercede for you. Stay and do further mischief, and you shall hang, to the last man!"

Some answered with a yell of derision, crying out that the soldiers were with them. More, that the nobles were abolished, and their houses given to the people. One, who was drunk, I think, kept shouting: "À bas la Bastille! À bas la Bastille!" with stupid persistence.

A moment more and I should lose my chance. I waved my hand. "What do you want?" I cried.

"Justice!" one shouted, and another, "Vengeance!" A third, "Gargouf!" And then all, "Gargouf! Gargouf!" until Petit Jean stilled the tumult.

"Have done!" he cried to them, in his coarse, brutal voice. "Have we come here only to yell? And do you, seigneur, give up Gargouf, and you shall go free. Otherwise we will burn the house and all in it."

"You villain!" I said. "We have guns, and—"

"The rats have teeth, but they burn!" he answered, pointing triumphantly with the axe he held to the flaming buildings. "They burn! Yet listen, seigneur," he continued, "and you shall have a minute to make up your minds. Give up Gargouf to us to do with as we please, and the rest shall go."

"All?"

"All."

I trembled. "But Gargouf, man?" I said. "Will you—what will you do with him?"

"Roast him!" the smith cried, with a fearful grin; and the wretches round him laughed like fiends. "Roast him, when we have plucked him bare."

I shuddered. From Cahors help could not come for another hour. From Saux it might not come at all. The doors below me could not stand long, and these brutes were thirty to one, and mad with the lust of vengeance. With the wrongs, the crimes, the vices, of centuries to avenge, they dreamed that the day of requital was come at last, and the dream had turned clods into devils. The very flames they had kindled gave them assurance of it. The fire was in their blood. À bas la Bastille! À bas les tyrans!

I hesitated. "One minute," the smith cried, with a boastful gesture—"one minute we give you. Gargouf or all!"

"Wait!" I said.

I turned and went in—turned from the smoky glare, the circling pigeons, the wild flitting figures, and the terror and confusion of the night, and went in to that other scene, scarcely less dreadful to me, though only two candles guttering in tin sockets lit the landing, and it borrowed from the outside no more than the ruddy reflection of horror. The women had ceased to scream and sob, and crowded together silent and panic-stricken. The old men and the lad moistened their lips, and looked furtively from the arms they handled to one another's faces. Mademoiselle alone stood erect, pale, firm. I shot a glance at the slender little figure in the white robe, then I looked away. I dared not say what I had in my mind. I knew that she had heard, and—

She said it. "You have answered them?" she muttered, her eyes meeting mine.

"No," I said, looking away again. "They have given us a minute to decide, and—"

"I heard them," she answered, shivering. "Tell them—"

"But, mademoiselle—"

"Tell them never! never!" she cried, feverishly. "Be quick, or they will think that we are dreaming of it."

Yet I hesitated—while the flames crackled outside. What, after all, was this rascal's life beside hers? What his tainted existence, who all these years had ground the faces of the poor and dishonored the helpless, beside her youth? It was a dreadful moment, and I hesitated. "Mademoiselle," I said, avoiding her eyes, "you have not thought, perhaps. But to refuse this offer may be to sacrifice all—and not save him."

"I have thought," she answered, passionately. "I have thought. But—he was my father's steward, monsieur, and is my brother's; if he has sinned, it was for them. It is for them to pay the penalty. And—it may not come to that," she continued, her face changing and growing on a sudden pitiful and childish. "They will not dare, I think—they will never dare to—"

"Where is he?" I asked, hoarsely.

She pointed to a corner. I looked, and could scarcely believe my eyes. The man whom I had left full of a desperate courage, prepared to sell his life dearly, crouched a huddled figure in the darkest angle of the tapestry seat. Though I had spoken of him in a low voice, and without naming him, he heard me, and looked up, and showed a face to match his attitude—a face pallid and sweating with fear, and that, vile at the best and when redeemed by hardihood, looked now the vilest thing on earth. Ciel! that fear should reduce a man to that! He tried to speak as his eyes met mine, but his lips moved inaudibly, and he only crouched lower, the picture of panic and guilt.

I cried out to know what had happened to him. "What is it?" I said.

No one answered; and then I seemed to know. While he had thought all in danger, while he had felt himself only one among many, the common courage of a man had supported him. But God knows what voices—only too well known to him—what voices of starving men and wronged women, had spoken in that fierce cry for his life! What plaints from the dead, what curses of babes hanging on dry breasts! At any rate, whatever he heard in that call for his blood—*his* blood—it had unmanned him. In a moment, in a twinkling, it had dashed him back into the corner, a trembling craven, holding up hands for his life.

Such fear is infectious, and I strode to him in a rage and shook him. "Get up, hound!" I said. "Get up and strike a blow for your life, or, by Heaven, no one else will!"

He stood up. "Yes, yes, monsieur," he muttered. "I will! I will stand up for mademoiselle. I will—"

But I heard his teeth chatter, and I saw that his eyes wandered this way and that, like a hare's when the dogs draw near, and I knew that I had nothing to expect from him. A howl outside, too, warned me at this moment that the minute's respite was up, and I flung him off and turned to the window. Too late, however; before I could get to it a thundering blow on the doors below set the candles flickering and the women shrieking; then for an instant I thought that all was over. A stone came through the window; another followed it, and another. The shattered glass fell all over us; the draught put out one light, and the women, terrified beyond control, ran this way and that, shrieking dismally. This, the savage yelling of the crowd outside, the sombre light and more sombre glare, the utter confusion, so distracted me that for a moment I stood irresolute, inactive, looking wildly about me—a craven waiting for some one to lead. Then a touch fell on my arm, and I turned and found mademoiselle at my side, and saw her face upturned to me.

It was white, and her eyes were wide with the terror she had so long repressed. Her hold on me grew heavier; she swayed against me, clinging to me. "Oh!" she whispered in my ear, in a voice that went to my heart, "can nothing be done? Can nothing be done, monsieur? Must we die?"

"We must gain time," I said. My courage returned wonderfully as I felt her weight on my arm. "All is not over yet," I said. "I will speak to them."

And setting her on the seat, I sprang to the window and passed through it. Outside, things at the first glance seemed unchanged. The leaping flames, the glow, the trail of smoke and sparks, all were there. But a second glance showed that the rioters were no longer flitting to and fro about the fire, but were massed directly below me in a dense body round the doors. I shouted to them frantically, hoping still to delay them. I called Petit Jean by name. But I could not make myself heard, or they would not heed; and while I vainly tried, the great doors yielded at last, and with a roar of triumph the crowd burst in.

Not a moment was to be lost. I sprang back through the window, clutching up as I did so the gun Gargouf had given me—and then I stood in amazement. The landing was empty! The rush of feet across the hall below shook the very house. Three seconds and the mob, whose screams of triumph already echoed through the passage would be on us. But where was mademoiselle? Where was Gargouf? Where were the servants, the waiting-maids, the boy whom I had left here?

I stood an instant paralyzed, like a man in a nightmare, brought up short in that supreme moment. Then, as the first crash of heavy feet sounded on the stairs, I heard a faint scream, somewhere to my right, as I stood. On the instant I sprang to the door which on that side led to the left wing. I tore it open and passed through it, not a moment too soon. The slightest delay, and the foremost rioters must have seen me. As it was, I had time to turn the key, which fortunately was on the inside. Then I hurried across the room and through an open door at the farther end, from which light issued, across the room beyond, which was empty, then into the last of the suite.

Here I found the fugitives, who had fled so precipitately that they had not even thought of closing the doors behind them. In this last refuge, madame's boudoir, all white and gold, they crouched among gilt-backed chairs and flowered cushions. They had brought only one candle with them; and the gewgaws and knickknacks on which its light shone dimly gave a peculiar horror to their white faces and glaring eyes, as, almost mad with terror, they huddled in the farthest corner and stared at me.

They were such cowards that they put mademoiselle foremost; or it was she who stood out to meet me. She knew me before they did, therefore, and she quieted them. When I could hear my own voice, I asked where Gargouf was.

They had not before discovered that he was not with them, and they cried out now, saying that he had come that way.

"You followed him?"

"Yes, monsieur."

This explained their sudden flight, but not the steward's absence. What matter where he had gone, however? His help could avail little now. I looked round in despair; the simpering Cupids on the wall seemed to mock our danger. I had the gun; I could fire one shot; I had one life in my hands. But to what end? In a moment, at any moment, within a minute or two at the most, the doors would be forced, and the horde of mad brutes would pour in, and—

"Ah, the closet staircase, monsieur! He has gone by the closet staircase!"

It was the boy cried out the words.

"Where?" I said.

The lad sprang forward, but mademoiselle was before him with the candle. She flew back into the passage—a passage of four or five feet only—between that room and the second of the suite; in the wall of this she flung open a door, apparently of a closet. I looked in, and saw the beginning of a staircase. My heart leapt at the sight.

"To the floor above?" I said.

"No, monsieur; to the roof."

"Up, up, then!" I cried, in a frenzy of impatience. "It will give us time! Quick! They are coming."

For I heard the door at the end of the suite, the door I had locked, creak and yield. They were forcing it; at any moment it might give. While I stood waiting to bring up the rear, their hoarse cries and curses came to my ears. But the good door held—held long enough. Before it gave way we were on the stairs, and I had shut the door of the closet behind me. Then holding to the skirts of the woman before me, I groped my way up quickly—up and up, with a close smell of bats in my nostrils—and, almost before I could believe it, I stood with the panting, trembling group on the roof. The glare of the burning out-houses below shone on a great stack of chimneys beside us, and burnished the leaves of the chestnut-trees that rose on a level with our eyes, and reddened the very sky above. But all the lower part of the steep roofs round us, and the lead gutters that ran between them, lay in darkness the denser for the contrast. The flames crackled below, and a thick reek of smoke swept up past the coping; but the noise alike of fire and riot was deadened here. The night wind cooled our brows, and I had a minute in which to think, to breathe, to look round.

"Is there any other way up—to the roof?" I asked, anxiously.

"One other, monsieur," replied one of the men.

"Where? Or do you stay here and guard this door," I said, pressing the gun on him. "And let the boy come and show me. Mademoiselle, stay there, if you please."

The boy ran before me to quite the farther end of the roof, and in the lead walk between two slopes showed me a large trap-door. It had no fastening on the outside, and for a moment I stood nonplussed; then I saw, a few feet away, a neat pile of bricks, left there in the course of some repairs. I began to remove them as fast as I could to the trap-door, and the boy saw and followed my example, and in two minutes we had stacked a hundred and fifty on the door. Telling him to add another hundred to the number, I left him and went back to the women.

They might burn the house under us; that always, and for certain, and it meant a dreadful death. Yet I breathed more freely. In the white and gold room below, among madame's mirrors and Cupids and satin cushions, my heart had failed me. The place with its heavy perfumes had stifled me. I had pictured the brutish peasants bursting in on us there; on the screaming women, crouching behind chairs; and the horror of the thought had overcome me. Here, in the open under the sky, we could at least die fighting. The depth yearned beyond the coping; the weakest had no longer more to fear than death. And we had a respite, for the house was large, and the fire could not lick it up in a moment.

Besides, help might come. I shaded my eyes from the

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1985.

"'WHERE IS HE?' I ASKED, HOARSELY."

light below and looked out towards the village and the Cahors road. In an hour at farthest help might come. The glare in the sky must be visible for miles, and it would spur on the avengers. Father Benoît, too, if he could get help—he might be here at any time. We were not without hope.

Suddenly, while we stood together, the women sobbing and whimpering, the old manservant spoke. "Where is M. Gargouf?" he said, under his breath.

"Ah!" I exclaimed. I had forgotten him.

"He came up," the man continued. "This door was open, M. le Vicomte, when we came to it."

"Ah! Then where is he?"

I looked round. All the roof I have said was dark, and not all of it was on the same level; and here and there chimneys broke the view. In the obscurity, the steward might be lurking close to us without our knowledge, or he might have thrown himself down in despair. But while I looked, the boy whom I had left by the bricks came flying to us. "There is some one there!" he said. And he clung to the old man.

"It must be Gargouf!" I answered. "Wait here!" And disregarding the women's prayers that I should stay with them, I went quickly along the leads to the other trap-door, and peered about me through the gloom. For a moment I could see no one, though the light shining on the trees made it easy to discern figures standing nearer the coping. Presently, however, I caught the sound of some one moving—farther away still, at the very edge of the roof. I went on cautiously, expecting I do not know what; and close to a stack of chimneys I found Gargouf.

He was crouching on the coping in the darkest part, where the end wall of the east wing overlooked the garden by which I had entered. This end wall had no windows, and the greater part of the garden below it lay in darkness, the angle of the house standing between it and the burning buildings. I supposed that the steward had sneaked hither, therefore, to hide, and set it down to the darkness that he did not know me; but, as I approached, he rose on his knees on the ledge and turned on me, snarling like a dog.

"Stand back!" he said, in a voice that was scarcely human. "Stand back, or I will—"

"Steady, man," I answered, quietly, beginning to think that fear had unhinged him. "It is I, M. de Saux."

"Stand back!" was his only answer; and though he cowered so low that I could not get his figure against the shining trees, I saw a pistol barrel gleam as he levelled it. "Stand back! Give me a minute! A minute only," and his voice quavered, "and I will cheat the devils yet! Come nearer, or give the alarm, and I will not die alone! I will not die alone. Stand back!"

"Are you mad?" I said.

"Back or I shoot!" he growled.

He was kneeling on the very edge, with his left hand against the chimney. To rush upon him in that posture was to court death; and I had nothing to gain by it. I stepped back a pace. As I did so—at the moment I did so—he slid over the edge and was gone.

I drew a deep breath and listened, sweating, drawing back involuntarily. But I heard no sound of a fall; and in a moment, with a strange suspicion on my mind, I stepped forward to the edge and looked over.

The steward hung in mid-air a dozen feet below me; he was descending, descending foot by foot, slowly and by jerks, a dim figure now growing dimmer. Instinctively I felt about me, and in a second I found the rope by which he hung. It was secured round the chimney. Then I understood. The steward had conceived this way of escape, perhaps had stored the rope for it beforehand, and, like the villain he was, had kept the thought to himself, that his chances might be the better, and that he might not have to give the first place to mademoiselle and the women. In the first heat of discovery I almost found it in my heart to cut the rope and let him fall; but then I remembered that if he escaped, the way would lie open for others—and then into the garden below me there came a sudden flare of light, as a knot of half a dozen rioters came round the corner and made for the door by which I had entered the house.

I held my breath. The steward, hanging below me, and by this time half-way to the ground, stopped, and moved not a limb. But he still swung a little this way and that, and in the strong light of the torches which the new-comers carried I could see every knot in the rope, and even the trailing end, which, as I looked, moved on the ground with his motion.

The wretches making for the door had to pass within a pace of the rope, yet it was possible that, blinded by the lights they carried and their own haste and excitement, they might not see it. I held my breath as the leader came abreast of it; I fancied that he must see it. But he passed and disappeared in the doorway. Three others passed the rope together. A fifth—I began to breathe more freely.

Only one was left, a woman; the same whose imprecations had greeted me on my appearance at the window; and it was not likely that she would see it. She was running to overtake the others. She carried a flare in her right hand, so that the blaze came between her and the rope. And she was waving the light in a mad-woman's frenzy as she danced along, hounding on the men to the sack.

But, as if the presence of the man who had wronged her had over her some subtle influence, as if some sense, unowned by others, warned her of his presence even in the midst of that babel and tumult, she stopped short below him, with her foot almost on the threshold. I saw her head turn slowly. She raised her eyes, holding the torch aside. She saw him.

With a scream of joy she sprang to the foot of the rope, and began to haul at it, as if in that way she might get to him sooner, while she filled the air with her shrieks and laughter. The men who had gone in before her heard her and came out again, and after them others. I quailed even where I knelt on the parapet as I looked down and met the wolfish glare of their eyes. What then were the thoughts of the wretched man taken in his selfishness—hung there helpless between earth and heaven? God knows.

He began to climb upwards to return, and actually came up hand over hand a dozen feet. But he had been supporting himself for some minutes, and there his strength failed him. Human muscles could do no more. He tried to haul himself up to the next knot, but sank back with a groan. Then he looked up at me.

"HUNG THERE HELPLESS BETWEEN EARTH AND HEAVEN."

"Pull me up," he gasped. "For God's sake—for God's sake, pull me up!"

But the wretches had the end of the rope, and it was impossible even had I possessed the strength to do it. I told him so, and bade him climb—climb up for his life. In a moment it would be too late.

He raised himself with a jerk to the next knot, and hung there. Another desperate effort and he gained the next, though I could almost hear his muscles crack, and his breath came in gasps. Three more knots and he would reach the coping.

But I read despair in his eyes. His strength was gone, and while he hung there the men began with shouts of laughter to shake the rope. He lost his grip, and with a groan slid down three or four feet, and again got hold and hung there—silent.

By this time the group below had grown into a crowd of maddened beings, raving and leaping up at him as dogs leap at food, and the horror of the sight, though the doomed man's features were in shadow and I could not read them, overcame me. I rose to draw back, shuddering, listening for his fall. Instead, before I had quite retreated, a hot flash almost scorched my face, and as the sharp report of a pistol followed, the steward's body plunged headlong down, leaving a little cloud of smoke where I stood.

He had balked his enemies.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CRISIS IN NORWAY.

THE union of Norway and Sweden has no exact parallel in Europe. The nearest approach to it is to be found in the relation of Hungary to Austria, which also stipulates mutual independence. It may be taken for granted, however, that Bernadotte, when he signed the Norwegian Constitution of 1814, interpreted Norway's claim to independence and co-ordination with Sweden in rather a Pickwickian sense. At all events, he strove during his entire reign to reduce Norway to a provincial relation, but met from the outset with such a stubborn and determined opposition from the Norwegian Storthing that he was obliged to grant perpetual concessions. His son, Oscar I., assumed a more friendly attitude toward Norway, abolished in fact, though not in form, the viceregal office (which was a thorn in the flesh of the Norwegians), and became justly popular. Charles XV., who was an easy-going, pleasure-loving man, continued his father's policy, and further improved the relation between the two countries. But with the accession of his brother, Oscar II. (1872), the old struggle was resumed, and fresh complications ensued. King Oscar is a man of reactionary sympathies, and, no doubt from the most conscientious motives, imposed his veto upon the liberal measures which the Norwegian Storthing submitted for his approval. He kept a Conservative ministry in power, heedless of the censure of Parliament and the wrath of the electorate; and when finally the impeachment of the Selmer ministry compelled him to intrust the government to the Radical leader Sverdrup, he did so with bad grace, scarcely concealing the chagrin it cost him.

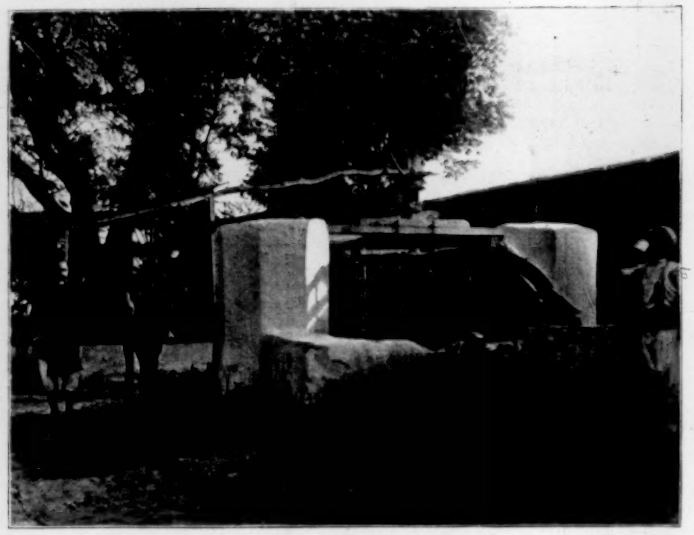
It was the poet Björnson who, in 1873, began the agitation, which has now assumed such formidable dimensions, for the complete co-ordination of Norway and Sweden under the union, and it is the issues involved in this question upon which the more recent electoral campaigns have been fought. As long as Norway had no separate minister of foreign affairs, and no consular or diplomatic representation abroad, she would scarcely be regarded by foreign nations as anything but a province or dependency of Sweden. Being cognizant of this, the Storthing passed a law establishing preliminarily a separate consular service, and made financial provision giving it immediate effect. This law the King promptly vetoed, and declared emphatically his determination under no circumstances to approve it. It was a measure, he contended, concerning Sweden no less than Norway, and to be decided with reference to the interests of both countries. He was hardly prepared for the violent indignation which this declaration aroused in Norway, nor for the increased Radical majority in the Storthing, which presently compelled him to dismiss the Stang ministry and intrust the government to the Radical Steen.

The crisis had now reached its height. Steen, who is an exceedingly able and fearless leader, came into power with a programme which strained the relations of the two nations to the utmost. He demanded absolute autonomy for Norway, and practically (though not formally) the dissolution of the union, unless the law establishing a separate consular service were approved. The civil list of the Crown-Prince was suspended, because he was unwilling to disavow a remark attributed to him about his desire for a Swedish invasion of Norway. A Parliamentary commission was appointed to investigate certain alleged actions of the Conservative ministries of 1884 and 1893, and the report it rendered, charging virtually treason, inflamed public sentiment until war seemed inevitable. There can be no doubt, however, that the commission proved its contentions that the Conservative ministries played into the hands of Sweden by destroying Norwegian guns and rendering large quantities of small-arms useless. The King, utterly incensed by the audacity of these inquiries (which he justly regarded as reflections upon himself), dismissed the Steen ministry, and once more recalled the discredited Stang.

When the parliamentary elections of 1894 took place it was confidently expected that Steen's policy would be approved by the return of an overwhelming Radical majority. But, strange to say, this prophecy has not been verified by the result. The sober second thought of the electorate has made them pause half-way, and consider the consequences of a war with Sweden. They have, to be sure, returned a majority for the Party of the Left, but only of five or six, which represents a large reduction of the Radical strength. An intermediate party of Moderate Liberals has also taken the field, with a programme of forbearance and conciliation. The situation is therefore an exceedingly intricate one, which makes prophecy hazardous. Though a hostile majority of half a dozen has, as it appears, sufficed to force the resignation of the government, it is not at all likely that the King will be induced by this demonstration to summon Steen to form another Radical ministry. The chances are that he will find some colorless politician who will consent to act as a stop-gap until public opinion has had time to declare itself.

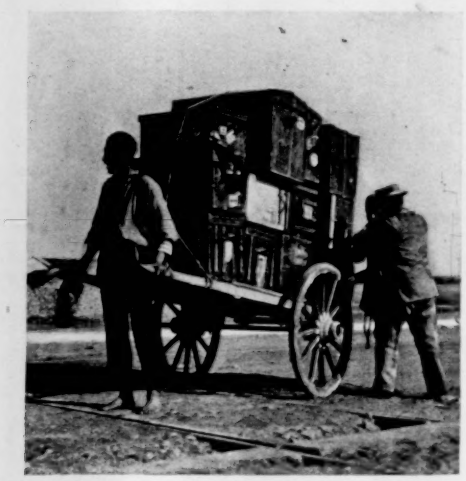
H. H. BOYESEN.

THE GATE TO SUSA AND TRIPOLI IN THE EASTERN WALL.
Loaded Camels arriving from the Interior of Africa.



AN OLD WATER-WHEEL.
Native Method of raising Water in the Suburbs of Tunis.

A NATIVE WATER-CARRIER.



NATIVE METHOD OF TRANSPORTING BAGGAGE.

ONE OF THE BEY'S BODY-GUARD.

AROUND THE WORLD

WITH THE TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION OF THE FIELD COLUMBIAN MUSEUM

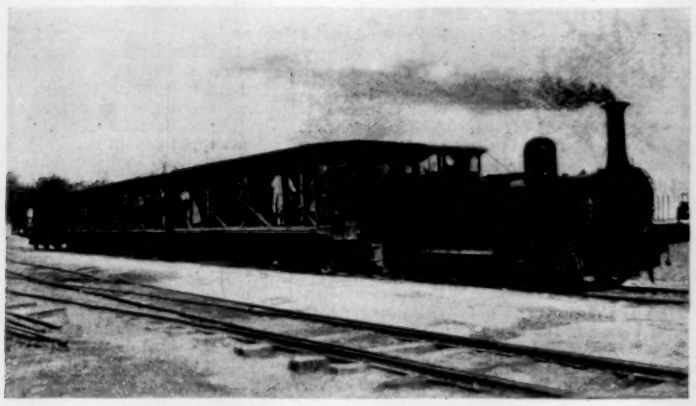
BEDOUIN GIRL.

THOSE of our readers, and there must be many, who remember the things best worth seeing in the World's Columbian Exposition of 1893 must call to mind the interesting exhibit relating to the development of railways. They will remember that there was collected a vast number of models, and even of original articles, that showed the present state of railway development, and the history of its rise and progress during the half-century of its existence. To the practical mind few even of the varied treasures of that great exhibition of human taste, skill, and ingenuity were more generally interesting. The history of railway development means the history to a large extent of the material advancement of the past fifty years in the intercommunication of nations. It means the development of wealth, the free communication of thought, and that interchange of commodities without which any high degree of civilization cannot long continue among any race of men. The happy thought of adding this department to the others which made the World's Columbian Exposition memorable even among the other great exhibitions of the world was really too good to stop there. So admirable an object-lesson as it presented was more than worthy of preservation in the interests of human knowledge and advancement, and it is a just cause for national pride that means have been found of preserving it for the nation.

Not the least important result of the Columbian Exposition will hereafter be found to have been what was after all a wholly unforeseen result. The weak point of such shows, however excellent, is that they are essentially the shows of a day. They are crowded by the many sight-seers and by the few real learners and observers while they last, but after a few weeks the doors are closed, the lights put out, and the show is over. It remains a pleasant memory to the many, an instructive reminiscence to the few; but the memory cannot be refreshed, and the half-worked-out conclusions from what has been seen can hardly be brought to any very practical result. It was the conviction that some such fate might be that of the great Columbian show that led a few public-spirited men to conceive and carry out the idea of giving permanent form to some parts at least of the exhibition.

DERBY DAY IN TUNIS.—Drawn by Edward Winchell.

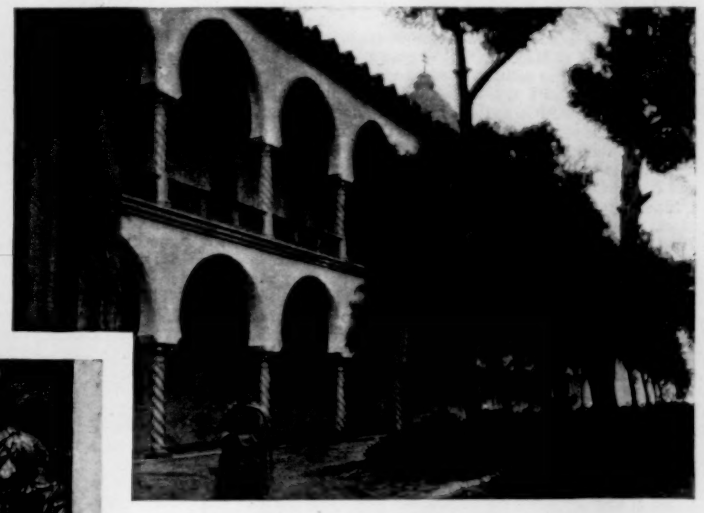
WITH THE WORLD'S TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION IN TUNIS.—Photographs by William H. Jackson.



RAILWAY TRAIN OF THE ITALIAN LINE BETWEEN TUNIS AND THE SITE OF ANCIENT CARTHAGE LEAVING MARSA.

RAILWAY STATION AT MARSA, TWELVE MILES FROM TUNIS, NEAR THE SITE OF ANCIENT CARTHAGE.

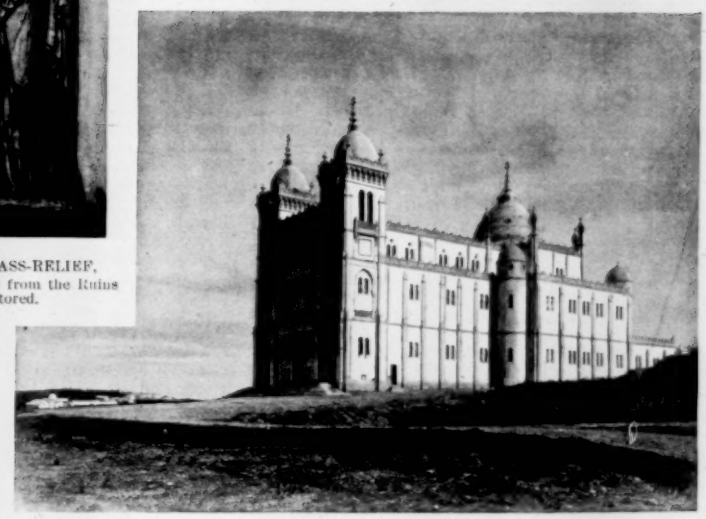
ANCIENT PALACE OF THE BEY OF TUNIS AT MARSA.



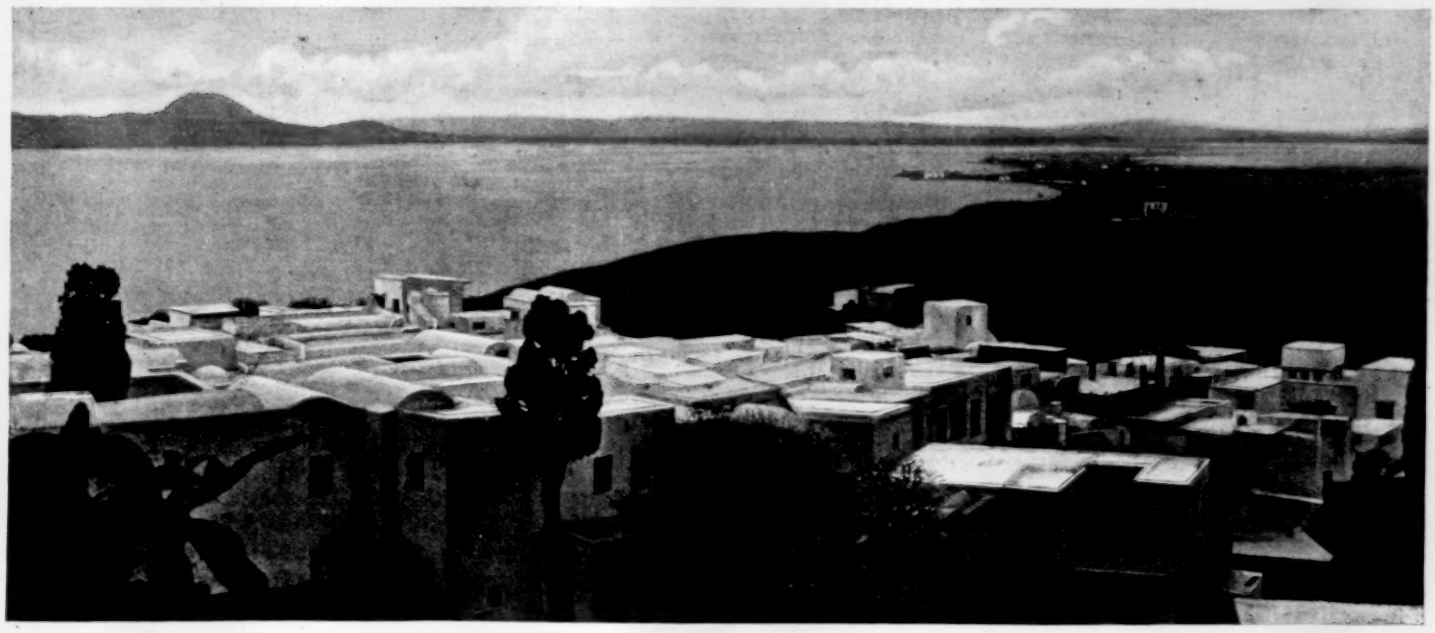
FACADE OF THE COLLEGE OF ST. LOUIS.

STATUE IN BASS-RELIEF,
Recently exhumed from the Ruins and restored.

FRAGMENTS OF STATUE IN BASS-RELIEF AS TAKEN FROM THE RUINS.



CHURCH OF ST. LOUIS, ADJOINING THE COLLEGE.



THE BAY OF TUNIS, FROM SIDI BU-SAID.
On the left the Bay of Tunis, on the right Goletta, which was the old Seaport of Tunis.

WITH THE WORLD'S TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION ON THE SITE OF ANCIENT CARTHAGE.
PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM H. JACKSON.

From this idea arose the Field Columbian Museum, which, through the munificent liberality of Mr. Field and others, was enabled at once to take its place among the great museums of the world. Partly by the generosity of exhibitors, and partly by means of the funds placed at its disposal, the new museum, which is now worthily housed in the Art Building of the Columbian Exhibition, to-day represents in a permanent form much of what was most valuable in the temporary exposition of 1893. Among others, the great railway exhibit was acquired, and formed into a permanent department of the new museum under the title of the Department of the World's Transportation.

A department of the world's transportation, to be perfect, must represent the past as well as the present, and must not even dream of shutting its doors against the possible new methods of the future. It must be possible to study there what mankind has done for water carriage as well as carriage on land, and to see as far as possible how ideas have been developed and modified by the circumstances of climate and population in different parts of the world.

It is infinitely to the credit of the managing body of the new National Museum that they not only saw this, but at once set themselves the task of supplying what was wanted. The development of the idea of the department to something like its full proportions must in fairness be largely credited to Major J. G. Pangborn, who was the executive official of the railway exhibit at the exposition, and subsequently joined the museum as director of the new department. To his enthusiasm and energy it may be considered due that within a year of the formation of the new department a commission was ready to start on a tour of the world for the purpose of collecting in all civilized countries information, and, as far as possible, exhibits, illustrating the past and present of human transportation. This commission will not confine its attention to railways, nor even to what may be regarded as the methods of modern civilization, but will embrace within the scope of its investigation the appliances both by sea and land by which men in all countries, and on all the waterways of the world, have attempted to solve the question of transportation. They will include vessels from the Chinese junk and the praam of the East to the rise and development of the steamships of the West. They will examine all systems of railway and tramway construction and management, but they will also investigate the world-old artificial waterways of the far Eastern as well as of the Western world.

Beginning its investigations on the southern shores of the Mediterranean, the commission has already traced the history and present condition of the question of transportation from the borders of Morocco through Algiers and Tunis, from the stronghold of the piratical hordes of two centuries ago to the times of Carthage, in her day the mistress of the transportation and commerce of the world. Already it has examined the railways of Egypt, and observed some of the most ancient methods of human transportation in the land of the pyramids. Its members have traced the great artificial waterway of modern times, the Suez Canal, through the sands that so long separated the gulfs of the Indian Ocean from the Mediterranean Sea. By this time they have completed the survey of the great Indian peninsula, with its ancient methods, now superseded by railways and canals. Probably they are already on their journey through further India on the way to Australia, from whence they will proceed through China, Korea, and Japan to the eastern extremity of Asiatic Russia. Their route will take them across Siberia to the Trans-Caspian railway system, and by it to the borders of Persia. They will travel by caravan across Persia to Bagdad and the Persian Gulf. They will follow the track of the old Phœnician explorers in the opposite direction round the African coast, examining all that colonial enterprise has to show on the shores of the Dark Continent. The railway and canal systems of Europe will be examined in detail, and it is hoped that by the end of July, 1896, the commission may again cross the Atlantic, and complete its work by examining the systems of South and North America.

The mere mention of such a programme of travel suggests the greatness of the undertaking, and raises a confident expectation of important results. In the belief that such results must follow, the proprietors of HARPER'S WEEKLY have taken steps to secure for their readers not only the first, but the only records of the work of the commission. The commission embraces among its members Mr. William H. Jackson, the photographer, and the results of his work will be from time to time presented to our readers—and to our readers alone. Mr. Edward Winchell, the artist, who is a member of the commission, will contribute sketches and drawings exclusively to this paper, and Major Pangborn will furnish special articles from time to time on interesting and important subjects connected with the work of the expedition. All the illustrations will be accompanied by full general information as to the progress and proceedings of the commission, together with such comments and further information as may enable our readers to follow the course taken and to understand the results arrived at. It is intended to make these articles as complete a record of the expedition as possible, and no pains will be spared to increase their interest to the general public as well as to the professional reader. This is felt to be of special importance, as no other medium of information can be available before the publication of an official report, which cannot reach the public for several years.

"The World's Commission on the World's Transportation" took ship for Europe on the 26th of September, 1894, from New York. In London, as being in many respects the centre of the world's travelling system, a considerable delay became necessary to complete arrangements before finally starting on the grand tour of the commission. It was consequently not until the 8th of November that a start was made from London for Tunis, where the work of the commission was really to begin. The route from London was by rail to Folkestone, thence by steamer to Boulogne, and from that port to Marseilles by train, the whole journey occupying rather more than twenty-four hours. From Marseilles the Transatlantique company run steamers to Tunis, a voyage of thirty-six hours. Thus within two days and a half of the time of leaving the cold fogs which render November in the valley of the Thames a terror to the travellers from almost any land, the members of the commission found themselves deposited in the delightful winter climate of northern Africa. There is no country where the process of building a new civilization upon an intermediate barbarism, itself founded upon the ruins of an ancient civilization, is so markedly apparent as it is along the African shore of the Mediterranean. Other countries are to-day emerging from barbarism and assuming the garb of nineteenth-century civilization, as in the case of Japan, with greater or less success, but it is here chiefly that the relics of the older civilization come well into view beside the prevailing barbarism and the newly introduced recivilization.

In few places is this more evident than in the dominions which the Bey of Tunis professes to govern under the overshadowing influence of France to-day.

The primitive-looking warrior who in our illustration represents the body-guard of the Bey is a curious and not very imposing-looking compromise between the savage warrior of the desert and the modern cavalry soldier. He is all that is left, however, of that famous cavalry which supplied Hannibal with the material which in his hands nearly conquered Rome, and with Rome the world. He represents in a forlorn caricature the troops of Masinissa and the later warriors who carried the Koran over the Spanish Peninsula even to the borders of France.

But if the horseman has altered, it is otherwise with the "native water-carrier," who, with his donkey, and his earthen-ware water-pots in their wicker casing, is doubtless the same to-day as he has been ever since the Romans, twenty centuries ago, destroyed the great aqueduct which brought her water supply to Carthage some eighty miles across the plain on its mighty arches of brick. Between the two stands the representative of new methods, with his clumsy hand-cart bearing its load of modern trunks.

The train that enters the Tripoli gate at Tunis is the true representation of the immemorial East. Its camels, though now accustomed to kneel at the hour of Mussulman evening prayer, are but the same camels which bore the same kind of burdens in exactly the same way when Queen Dido built Carthage and fell in love with the wanderer from Troy, something like three thousand years ago. They answer sulkily to the same wild adjurations at which their remote ancestors also shook their heads in the days when Hannibal fought Rome, or when the Northern Vandals rid them of the yoke of their Roman masters to impose on them for a time that of the blue-eyed barbarians of the North. The old world's transportation lives in them, and it will be long before the new railway lines, whether of the Italian company or of the French government, seduce the mass of the people from their allegiance to the methods used by their fathers for so many generations.

Something new in the way of pumps worked by wind might stand a better chance in competition with the ancient water-wheel which has done duty for so many centuries. Yet even this, like the donkey that does lazy duty in turning the venerable wheel, will undoubtedly die hard in northern Africa. An opponent that needs no driver, and calls for no exertion, may, however, in the end prove a formidable rival even at Tunis.

The verdict of experience is but too likely to go the other way when it comes to the contest between the female ears of modern civilization when pitted against the charms of those adorned in all the splendor of ancient barbarism. The lady in the picture, it is true, is burdened by the greatness of her splendor, but it is the splendor that appears, while the burden is a private matter for the lady herself. And, besides, it is *always worn* in the best Bedouin society. The argument is no doubt as conclusive in northern Africa as it is in Paris or New York to-day.

A Derby day at Tunis is a real innovation, one too in the direction of transportation. Our illustration represents a new sensation at Tunis, though unquestionably no more than the revival of a very old one. The palmy days of Carthage no doubt saw horse and chariot racing among a people who relied so much upon horsemanship in war, and new Carthage under Roman rule had its amphitheatre and its chariot-races, at which the owners of the linen robes and burnoose grew as wildly excited as they do to-day on the Bey's new race-course. That enlightened ruler is ambitious to improve the breed of Tunisian horses, and has not only constructed a race-course, with a grand stand for the public, and a smaller and more private one for himself, but has also instituted race meetings twice a year, and given the prizes out of his privy purse. At present both horses and jockeys are foreigners, and are generally brought from Malta, but there is little doubt that the native land of the Barbary breed, from which the English race-horse was partly derived, will soon produce winners as well as riders of its own.

Having seen most of what was of interest at Tunis, the party proceeded to the site of Carthage, a distance of about twelve miles. Communication is now by railroad from Tunis to Marsa, the modern equivalent no doubt of the ancient Byrsa, the original Phœnician name of Carthage. The road is in the hands of an Italian company, and is, indeed, the only line in northern Africa not now under French control. The road itself is of standard gauge, but the cars have been constructed of an exceptional width to allow of the system of open balconies, which is shown in the illustration. The extreme width of the cars is about twelve feet, and their peculiar construction gives them a novel and Oriental appearance; but even this hardly reconciles the eye to the appearance of anything so modern as a railway car amidst surroundings that speak so persistently of the Old World.

The station at Marsa is an unpretentious structure, though fully sufficient for the present requirements of the traffic; and it is hard to reconcile the ancient pillars to their new adornments of gas-lamps or the public conveyances that are so essentially part of the new civilization. The men in white in our illustration, who (probably with reluctance) use some of the modern appliances, give the impression that even now they are more in sympathy with the old civilization represented by the ancient sculptured pillar than with the new, which finds its practical expression in railway cars and 'buses.

Marsa itself is a small hamlet surrounding the summer residence of the Bey of Tunis, and lies on the northwest outskirts of the site of old Carthage. The ancient palace of the Bey, of which we give an illustration, is in the near neighborhood of this village, and presents an example of an earlier style of Moorish architecture than that which we now connect with our ideas of the light and artistic creations of the Arabic artists in stone. Old as it is, it stands on the site of much older buildings, and the shapeless mound on the right no doubt indicates ruins which may yet prove of great antiquarian interest and importance.

On the site of old Carthage itself there now stand the church St. Louis and the college of St. Charles. In the church there is a strange blending of the Roman and the Arabic styles of architecture, while in the college the architect has abandoned any attempt to adapt European models to an African building, and presents a good specimen of the domestic architecture native to the soil, and no doubt best suited to its climate. Both buildings are erected upon a site which is a very mine of antiquarian wealth, which is now being successfully worked under the able superintendence of Father Pierre Latrie. A large room on the ground-floor of the college is set apart as a museum for the preservation of the relics of ancient art which are being unearthed in the neighborhood. One of our illustrations shows the reverend father engaged in the loving contemplation of the shattered fragments of an antique bass-relief newly disinterred, while the smaller one represents a very fine bass-relief, evidently of the later classical school, which has recently been restored by his care and skill.

Our view of the bay of Tunis from the little town of Sidi Bu-Said completes the picture of the dead past, and only a little less dead present, of civilization on the shore of Tunis. Beyond the white roofs can be seen the dreary waste of formless heaps that still mark the site of the great mercantile world centre of Phœnician times, while there is little either in the town itself or its surroundings that speaks of the new civilization. The bay, however, remains, and steps are being taken even now to open and deepen a channel through it to let in upon Tunis itself the great civilizing flood of the commerce of the modern world. The cessation of free intercourse and ready communication between northern Africa and the rest of the world was the great cause of the death of its ancient civilization; its revival can hardly fail to restore it to new and, let us hope, improved life.

Tunis may be looked at either as the starting or terminal point of the present railway system of northern Africa, which extends some nine hundred miles along the Mediterranean shore, from Tunis on the east to Oran on the west. The commission halted four days at Tunis before undertaking this journey.

CHINESE CRUELTY.

THROUGHOUT the course of the present war there has been a good deal of misplaced sympathy with the Chinese, and they have been extensively eulogized as a patient and meek people, unwarlike almost to gentleness, who have been forced into an unfair and unequal contest by their aggressive neighbors.

This sympathy arises from an imperfect understanding of the most dominant traits in the Chinese character. As dwellers in a foreign land, it is true, they conform with singular pliability to the laws of the community, and, as a rule, acquire the reputation of being harmless and benevolent aliens, patient under persecution, and unobtrusively industrious. To do them justice, they certainly are peculiarly amenable to government, if that government is inflexible, but beneath their mask of passiveness they retain all their national characteristics unalloyed and unmitigated.

The Chinaman abroad and the Chinaman at home present as many points of similarity as the mule and the tiger, and in drawing this comparison I am not sure that I am not libelling the tiger. No one who has not dwelt amongst the Celestials can fully realize how every relation of their life is tinged with the spirit of grossest cruelty. Before it all other characteristics of the race pale into insignificance.

The Chinaman is cruel from the cradle. Children delight in torturing animals with an ingenuity which can only be accounted for by some diabolical hereditary instinct. I have seen children scarcely able to walk amusing themselves by catching the large green grasshoppers of the country, dipping their heads into pitch, and then igniting them. And this is only a random example. This savagery developed in childhood shows no diminution in after-life. To torture animals, to attend and to gloat over executions, and to gaze on human suffering in any form, afford the keenest delight to the Chinese youth.

Manhood comes, and with it subjection to the law, or rather that parody of justice which passes for the law in China. Her code combines the legalities of Judge Jeffreys with the practice of the Holy Inquisition. The law is delightfully simple. No man can be condemned till he confesses his guilt. If he happens to be innocent, and cannot fee the judge to a higher extent than his accuser, he is presumed to be guilty. If he is then obstinate enough to persist in his innocence he is tortured till he confesses, and is then convicted on his own confession. Of legal inquiry there is no semblance, and torture is the recognized form of cross-examination.

Some four years ago I spent four days in Canton, the metropolis of southern China, on a special mission to investigate Chinese justice, and the results surpassed my most ghastly anticipation.

What I witnessed was nothing unusual, and is the daily practice of the country, but I am compelled to tone down the details to make them presentable for publication. Nothing but the strongest spirit of inquiry, supported by an iron resolution, carried me through the horrors of those days, and for weeks afterward I suffered from perpetual nightmare.

I first inspected the yamens, or police courts, where the dispensing of justice, or rather injustice, originates. Here, amidst surroundings of squalor, and under the direction of an apathetic mandarin, the laws of China were being administered. Of forensic eloquence there was none, but of barbarous cruelty, bribery, and corruption there was abundance.

The law moved with no sluggish strides. Prisoner after prisoner was arraigned, and after the veriest farce of inquiry, adjured to confess. Those who protested their innocence and could not pay were handed over to the "yamen runners," or official torturers, while the trial of the rest proceeded, only disturbed by the groans of those undergoing cross-examination at the other end of the hall.

Let us turn to these latter unfortunates. Here is one prisoner held down whilst a ruffian is pounding his ankle bones into a jelly with a wooden club. This man has not been proved guilty; but he will never be able to stand again.

In another corner is a poor wretch suspended by his thumbs and great toes in such a position that his whole weight is thrown upon the points of his knees, which rest on a chain mat studded with sharp points. His groans have ceased and a merciful unconsciousness has come to him, to the evident disappointment of the idle crowd, which has now ceased to regard him with interest.

But why continue this recital of horrors? The methods of torture are innumerable, and are eagerly criticised by the crowd, which signifies its approval of the more successful and refined atrocities by grins of delight and exclamations of "Hi-yah."

Do they ever realize that any day they may be affording a similar entertainment? In such a contingency one feels as if one could witness their sufferings with but small compunction.

Let us move on to the place of execution, or "Matou," as it is called by the Chinese. It is a filthy yard, long and narrow, like a blind alley, and, singularly enough, it is used as a potter's field when not required for execution.

On a cold January afternoon I proceeded thither to witness the final release of a batch of poor wretches who had already undergone a prolonged course of torture.

The manner of their taking off differed somewhat from the description of executions in North China published by Mr. Julian Ralph in a former number of this journal. The entire proceedings were characterized by a revolting squalor and the most callous indifference on the part of both spectators and victims.

On this occasion the death-squad consists of thirteen, who are tightly bound hand and foot and carried in, huddled up in baskets slung on a bamboo between two coolies. On arriving at the centre of the ground these living loads are pitched out unceremoniously, and immediately seized by the executioner and his assistants, who arrange them in two lines in a kneeling position.

At a nod from the presiding mandarin, and with incredible swiftness, the butchery commences. The assistant seizes the first victim by the shoulders from behind, while the executioner steps up to his left side, armed with an enormously heavy short sword with a broad blade and razorlike edge. Without any compulsion, the victim, still kneeling, bends his head forward, and almost instantaneously it leaps from his body, severed by one swift stroke. The assistant pushes the trunk over forward, and a shrill burst of approving "Hi-yahs" goes up from the crowd.

After the uncertain and clumsy operations of the mediæval headsman, one had been led to suppose that a human head required a great deal of severance; but so adept are the Chinese executioners that they appear to display no more effort or emotion in cutting off a head than they would in lopping a poppy from its stalk.

With fearful rapidity the slaughter proceeds, and not five seconds elapse between the fall of each head. One unerring stroke ends each life, and the victims are so arranged that each can witness the fate of all those in front of him before his turn comes.

The crowd is now in the most jovial humor, and signifies its light-hearted enjoyment by ribald chaff at the expense of the remaining victims, who frequently retort defiantly, and exhibit the most stolid indifference to their fate.

Suddenly a burst of merriment arises in one corner. A portly merchant has approached too near, and his long white coat is splashed with blood. How the bystanders laugh! Was there ever such a good joke!

The last few heads are falling now, when my hand is plucked by an excited youngster of ten, dancing with delight, who cries, eagerly, "Hō-tai?" (Isn't it beautiful?) I repress a fierce desire to throttle him, and in a few seconds all is over. Justice is vindicated, and the crowd quickly disperses, all but the city gamins, who remain behind to rehearse the whole proceedings and to skylark with the bodies.

Horrible though the sight has been, death has, at any rate, been swift and merciful, but another day the supreme horror of Chinese justice is revealed to us.

For certain offenders, notably parricides and women who kill their husbands, the penalty is the "Ling-chee," or "thousand cuts." This is too ghastly for detailed description, but suffice it to say that the victim is first crucified to a low cross, and then slowly sliced to pieces with a knife.

So skilful is the executioner that although his victim soon becomes almost unrecognizable as a human being, yet no vital wound is inflicted till perhaps half an hour of this torture has elapsed, when the agony is ended by decapitation.

So superior an entertainment as this is naturally rewarded by a full house, and even greater merriment prevails than at mere head-chopping displays, which savor somewhat of monotony to the *blasé* Cantonese.

The accompanying photograph, which is absolutely unique, was taken under circumstances of considerable peril, as it is as much as a foreigner's life is worth to appear with a camera in Canton city. It renders any further description of the "Ling-chee" unnecessary.*

Almost enough has now been said on the subject of Chinese cruelty, but a full list of the atrocities perpetrated daily by this inhuman people would occupy volumes.

To every sojourner in a Chinese port the spectacle is a familiar one of those tiny bundles of bamboo matting which are continually washed up on the river-banks or sea-shore. They contain the bodies of female children, a large proportion of whom are thus disposed of by their inhuman parents, with the full consent of the law.

Returning to the subject of the present war, we read daily of the horrible atrocities perpetrated by the Chinese troops on their Japanese prisoners. Slow torturing of the wounded, crucifixion of women, burning alive of prisoners, are constantly practised with the approval and at the instigation of the Chinese officials, and yet the sympathy of masses of educated people is on the side of the Chinese.

The cry now is that China is down, and that Japan should cease wantonly to trample on her.

Fortunately the Japanese statesmen understand the situation better than the wiseacres in Europe and America, and are strong enough to ignore threats of interference.

Should Japan stay her hand now and impose lenient terms of peace, within a year the report would be disseminated through every corner of the Chinese Empire that the Japanese had sued for mercy, and that the "Son of Heaven" had been graciously pleased to spare the "dwarf slaves."

Should the foreign powers intervene it would universally be published abroad that the "outer barbarians," vassals of the Chinese Emperor, had, at his command, saved the sacred territory of China from violation.

Nothing but the humbling of China to the dust, and the imposition of penalties which must affect every corner of her empire, will break down her cast-iron attitude of insolent arrogance, and render her civilization possible.

And if my judgment is not very much at fault, Japan will never halt until this good work is accomplished.

ARTHUR H. LEE,
Captain, R. A.

* What the writer of the article says of the photograph is absolutely true, but the picture is so horrible that it cannot be published in the WEEKLY.—ED.

A FINE DISPLAY OF DOGS.

THIS is the nineteenth year of the great dog shows at the Madison Square Garden, held under the management of the Westminster Kennel Club. The first show was a very small affair compared with this one, and the dogs were inferior in quality and fewer in number. That there should be in this country something like a hundred times as many purely bred dogs as there were twenty years ago is satisfactory evidence that the holding of bench shows for dogs is conducive to careful breeding. There were many gentlemen in the United States previous to the organization of the Westminster Kennel Club who bred dogs for their own use in the field and for companionship at home, but they were few compared with those who now are ambitious so to mingle the strains of pure blood as to produce winners of blue ribbons, of silver cups, and golden trophies. And the dog-fanciers—the professional breeders of and dealers in dogs—are compelled to be much more particular about their statements as to the breeding and identity of dogs put up for sale. Purely bred dogs are now registered with the American Kennel Club, and a dog not so registered has no great selling value, besides being ineligible for exhibition at any of the dog shows in the country.

Another good effect that the dog shows have had is that breeders are more and more recognizing that there is much more glory in breeding a fine specimen than in merely buying one. A long purse may purchase almost any dog in the world, but skill and knowledge and study are required to breed a specimen which the judges will count the best in its class. The importance of home breeding has secured recognition from the Fox-Terrier Club, which this year gives prizes only to dogs bred in this country. There is no reason, to be sure, why just as good dogs should not be bred here as in England, but there are more persons engaged in the business there than here, and the longer experience of the English dog-fancier enables him to get more certain results. There is another reason, too. Dogs are more valuable there than here, and an English gentleman who recently refused £600 for a collie explained that he did not know how he could invest that much money so advantageously, as the dog's stud fees reached £300 each year. And it is a matter of common knowledge that, several years ago, when Mr. August Belmont's agent offered £1000 by mistake for a fox-terrier, the offer was refused. Mr. Belmont had intended to offer $1000. This fox-terrier, Result, was doubtless worth every penny of a thousand pounds to the English owner.

Dogs have not the same property value here that they have in England, and this is so notwithstanding the fact that dogs are property here and they are not property in England. This seeming paradox may be explained from the fact that according to the old English laws felony was punishable by death. If dogs had been property then, to steal a dog would have been a felony, punishable by death. It was not considered right that a man should die for a dog, and therefore dogs were held by the courts not to be property. There are foolish dog laws in nearly every city and town in the United States based on the presumption that dogs are not property, but such laws would not stand investigation and the interpretation of the higher courts. A dog-catcher who seizes dogs and puts them to death is acting without warrant of law, whatever the local ordinance, for property cannot be taken from a citizen without giving him an opportunity to be heard in a court of law and before a jury. The owners of fine dogs are usually so careful of them that the dog-catchers and pound-keepers have small chance to capture them.

It is probably true that the pointers and setters in the United States have been bred with more care and with better results than any other classes of the canine family. These field-dogs have work to do, and therefore they are bred with reference to their utility. Further than this, the breeders are continually admonished that breeding for conformation and success in achieving what the standard of the show ring considers good results is the best possible thing to do, for the best-formed dogs are nearly always the best-performing dogs. The pointers and setters that carry off the blue ribbons of the bench shows are very likely also to win the blue ribbons at the field trials. Twenty-five years ago the pointer was, without much doubt, the most popular dog to shoot over in the United States. He was bred and trained very carefully, and when there was game nearly everywhere he was pretty generally used—a watch-dog every day in the year, a field-dog on those holidays when the hill-sides were beaten for quail and partridge. But in the older States at this time game has become so scarce that the farmers do not keep hunting-dogs as a matter of course, as they used to do, and now when one comes across a pointer or setter on a farm the chances are that an inquiry will reveal the fact that the animal is unbroken, and good for nothing more than chasing a rabbit for the amusement of the children. These dogs, therefore, are not the dogs of the country people as once they were, but almost the exclusive property of gentlemen of sporting taste who can go to those fastnesses and remote localities to which the game has retired. And for some reason, which it would be unprofitable to fathom, the pointer has parted with some of his popularity, which has been transferred to the Irish setter and to the other classes, the English setter and the Gordon setter. But the red Irish setter appears now to be most popular in the field and on the bench. One of the pictures in this paper represents some of the Irish setters of the Kildare Kennels, owned by Mr. Washington.

Among the dogs now bred purely for companionship and for their decorative value the Russian wolf-hound is conspicuous. This is a greyhound, but rather larger and stronger than those kept in England for coursing. Authorities on dogs are tolerably well agreed that for a dog about a house the greyhound is the least desirable, because he is not nice in his habits, and is lacking in affection and sweet reasonableness. But this Russian dog—the handsomest and most graceful of all the greyhound family—appears to be an exception, and to be both affectionate and tractable. At the Seacroft Kennels of Mr. Charles Stedman Hanks, Manchester-by-the-Sea, Massachusetts, there are kept fox-terriers, Scotch terriers, St. Bernards, and Russian wolf-hounds. The superintendent says that these wolf-hounds are as affectionate and intelligent as any dogs in the kennels. This is expert testimony, and must be respected. It places this new-comer alongside of the collie and the St. Bernard. Mr. George Gould is a breeder of wolf-hounds, and so is Mr. Huntington of Brooklyn. There are several of them from Mr. Hanks's kennels with a cavalry regiment in the West, and they are said to make splendid chasers of the very fleet jack-rabbit.

Sir Bedivere among the St. Bernards, Major McKinley among the Great Danes, Beaufort's Black Prince among the mastiffs, and Victor among the blood-hounds are the stars of the show, each being so pre-eminent in his class as to outrank all competitors. This has been so for several years past, and it is a condition which may continue for a little while longer. These dogs, it may be remarked, not only win the approval of the judges, but they attract the comparatively uninstructed and uninformed attention of the general public. This goes to prove that when an animal is pre-eminently the best of his class, the public is as sure to detect the fact as the expert judge. When there is a dog like either of those just mentioned there is one remarkable thing about his appearance and manner: such a dog always shows a vast amount of character, this character being revealed by dignity and calmness, and a total lack of frivolity. Without this character a dog is never great, and it is as necessary to canine completeness as distinction of appearance is to womanly beauty.

In the collie class there are this year several new-comers in the kennels of Mr. Pierpont Morgan and Colonel Albert Hilton. The competition in the breeding and importing of collies is so great that no one save the owner of a capacious pocket-book need hope to win distinction. Each year some importer brings over a dog that has carried everything before him in England, and the contest this winter is warm between the dogs of the Chestnut Hill Kennels and those of Mr. Morgan and Colonel Hilton. The suggestion has been made several times that it would be an excellent thing if the "Collie Club" would institute field trials for these sheep-dogs, so that their wonderful instincts and intelligence might be cultivated and developed, instead of going to waste. That may or may not be asking too much of gentlemen who have no sheep to drive. But it would be an excellent thing if this Collie Club should follow the example of the Fox-Terrier Club, and confine its special prizes to dogs bred in this country. That would not stop importations in the least, nor would it discourage them, but it would be an encouragement to the breeders who look for show-ring glory rather to the produce of their own stock than to purchases from the shows in England. Mr. Morgan's collies, bred at his place up near West Point, are as fine as any he has brought here, though, to be sure, all of his dogs are from strains of quite recent importation. The superintendent of Mr. Morgan's kennels, R. K. Armstrong, has original ideas about breeding, and he studies a pair he thinks of mating with exceeding care. He believes that he can by such methods produce almost exact results, and be sure of what the progeny will be like, instead of merely trusting to chance. This method he has carried so far that he can with some certainty predict the color of an unborn litter. This is extremely interesting, and is in most striking contrast with the haphazard methods or the no-method which once prevailed.

There have been imported into this country at various times several specimens of the English sheep-dog, sometimes called the bobtail sheep-dog. The sheep-dog and the collie are probably related, and in their habits and intelligence they are very much alike. But the collie is so much the handsomer of the two that it is not likely that it will give place to this other dog in the affections of those who know both of them. The sheep-dog has a sharp muzzle, medium-sized head, with small and piercing eyes; a well-shaped body formed after the model of a strong low greyhound, but clothed in thick and somewhat woolly hair, which is particularly strong about the neck and bosom. Under an old excise law the shepherd's dog was only exempt from tax when without a tail, and for this reason the tail was always removed. From the constant clipping of the tails of the dogs, it is said that dogs became to be born without tails, like Manx cats. Whether this be so or not, it is a fact that there are particular breeds of tailless sheep-dogs in England. Whether it ever happens that in the same litter there are puppies with and puppies without tails I do not know. The sheep-dog in England is often crossed with the various sporting-dogs, such as the setter, which is very common, or with the pointer. Hence it often happens that the sheep-dog is excellent at hunting game, and the poachers use him in this work in England both by day and by night. When the sheep-dog is mated with the greyhound we have a definite cross-breed known as the lurcher. Professional poachers keep these lurchers, as they hunt very rapidly, have excellent noses, and do their work in silence. It is a very destructive animal, on account of its speed, sagacity, and extraordinary accuracy of scent. Stonehenge says that if the lurcher were encouraged in England, the furred game would very soon be destroyed. None but poachers keep lurchers, and game-keepers therefore do not hesitate to kill such animals on sight, and without inquiry.

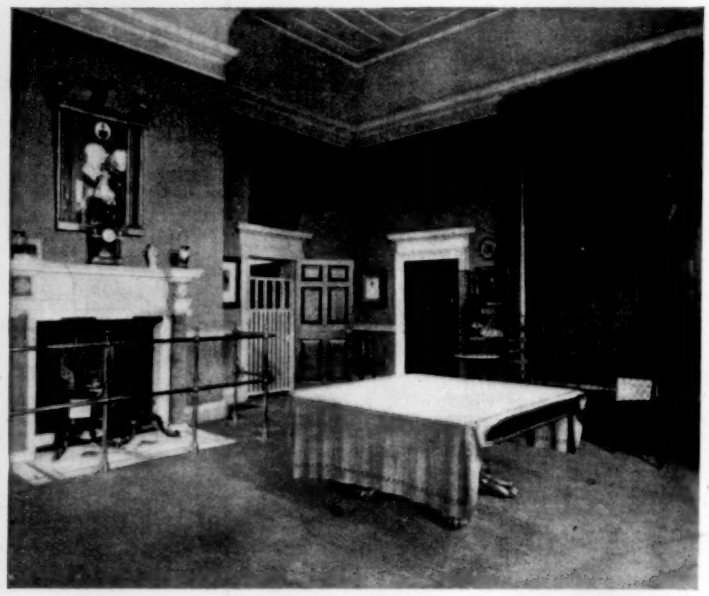
Year by year these shows have become larger, and have been attended by greater numbers of visitors. In order to keep out unworthy dogs, the entrance fee was raised year before last. The number was cut down for one season, though the quality was immensely bettered. Since then the number has gone up to the old figures, while the quality has continued to improve. This is the best show that has been held, and the competitions have usually been close and doubtful.

JNO. GILMER SPEED.

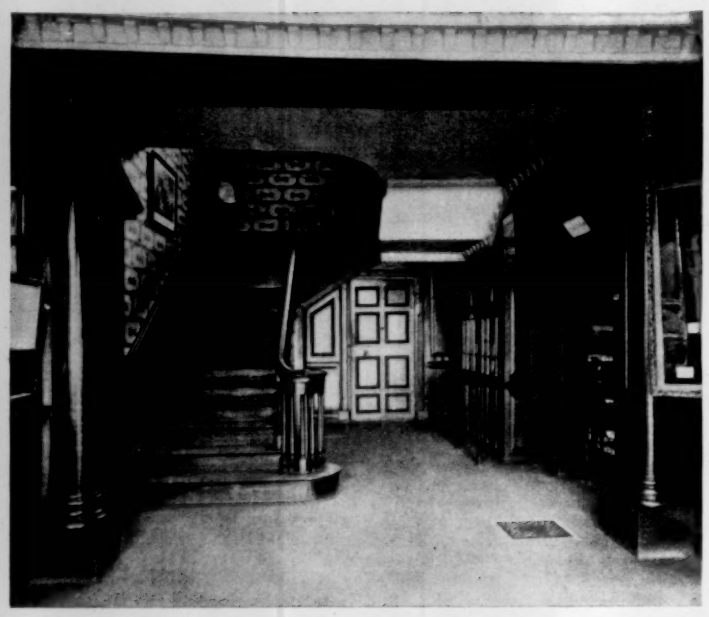
THE DINING-ROOM.

THE WEST PARLOR.

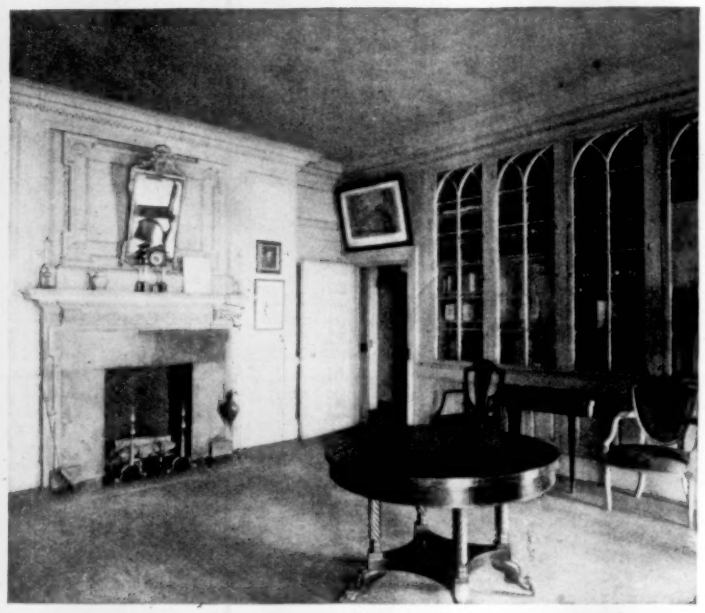
THE ROOM WHERE GENERAL WASHINGTON DIED.



THE BANQUET HALL.



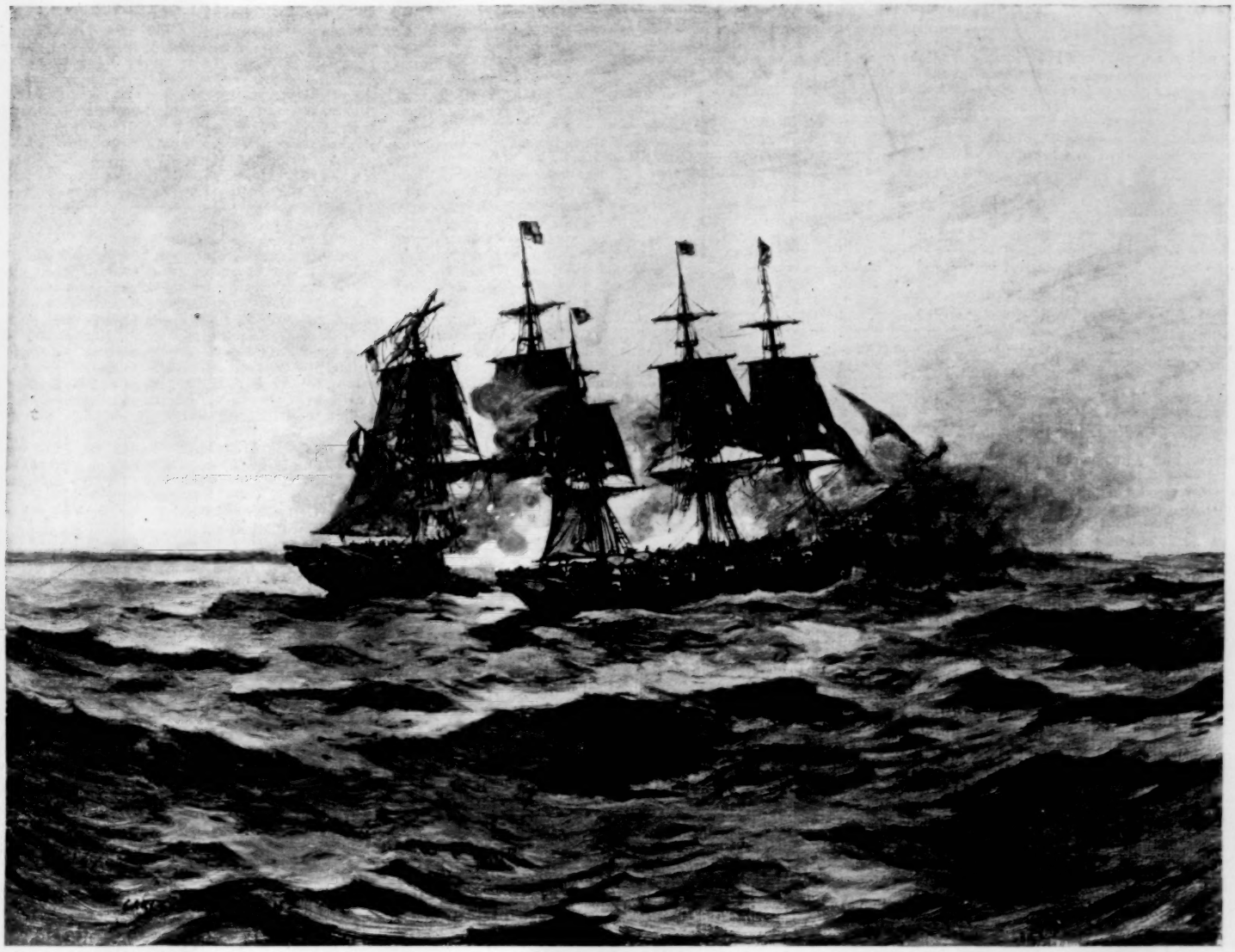
THE HALL.



THE LIBRARY.

MOUNT VERNON—THE HOME OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Interior Views of the principal Apartments from recent Photographs.—[See Page 186.]



THE ENCOUNTER BETWEEN THE "HORNET" AND THE "PEACOCK," FEBRUARY 24, 1813.—Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman.

THE "HORNET" AND THE "PEACOCK."

BY JAMES BARNES.

AFTER Commodore Bainbridge sailed southward from Bahia on the cruise in which he fell in with and captured his Britannic Majesty's frigate *Java*, Captain Lawrence, of the United States sloop *Hornet*, had hoped to coax the *Bonne Citoyenne*, the English armed ship he was blockading, to leave the safe moorings which she kept so closely in the harbor of San Salvador. Captain Lawrence prayed each day that she might venture out and give his gunners a mark worthy of their metal. One morning, as the little *Hornet* was lifting and tugging at her anchor in the rough water at the entrance to the outer harbor, keeping a watchful eye on the spars of the *Bonne Citoyenne* and on those of another British packet of twelve guns that lay well inshore, a huge cloud of canvas came in sight to the eastward. Spar and sail she rose out of the horizon sky, until it was plainly seen that she was a line-of-battle ship flying the English flag. The *Montagu* (74) had heard the news of the *Bonne Citoyenne's* plight, word having been brought to her as she lay in the harbor of Rio Janeiro. Immediately she had set sail for San Salvador to raise the blockade. Reluctantly Captain Lawrence, on sight of her, got up his anchor and slipped into the harbor. He did not stay there long, however, and after tacking about some time, escaped to sea that same night at nine o'clock. There were no ships of the line in the American navy at that time, and, perforce, the only thing left for any of our cruisers to do was to give those of the enemy the widest berth. So Lawrence, in the *Hornet*, shifted his cruising-grounds and went out into blue water. On the 4th of February, 1813, he captured the British brig *Resolution*, of 10 guns, and not caring to man her, he took out $23,000 in specie and set her on fire. Then for over a week the *Hornet* cruised to and fro off the coast of Maranham without sighting a single sail. On the 22d of February Lawrence stood for Demerara, and on the 24th he discovered a brig off to leeward. At once he gave chase, but running into shallow water, and having no pilot, he had to haul off shore, much to his disgust, as the other vessel made her way in near the mouth of the Demerara River, and anchored close to a small fort about two and a half leagues from the outer bar, where the *Hornet* had been forced to come about. As the latter had done so, however, her lookout had discovered a vessel at anchor half-way in towards the shore. A peep through the glass showed her to be a brig of war with the English colors flying. Captain Lawrence determined to get at her; but to do this he had to beat to windward to avoid a wide shoal on which the waves were breaking furiously. At 3 P.M., as he had about made up his mind that the vessel at anchor and the *Hornet* were surely to try conclusions, Lawrence discovered another sail on his weather-quarter and edging down toward him. In a few minutes over an hour the new-comer hoisted English colors also, and was seen to be a large man-o'-war brig. The *Hornet* cleared for action. As was usual in all naval actions when the wind was the sole motive power, both vessels manœuvred for a time, the *Hornet* trying to win the advantage of the weather-gage from her antagonist. But to do his best Lawrence could not get it until another hour had passed; then finding that the *Hornet* was a better sailer than the English brig, he came about. The two vessels passed each other on different tacks at the distance of a few hundred feet—half pistol-shot.

Up to this time not a gun had been fired in the affair. But as they came abreast they exchanged broadsides, the Englishman going high, but the *Hornet's* round and grape playing havoc with the enemy's lower rigging. The brig held on for a few minutes, and then Lawrence discovered her to be in the act of wearing. He seized his opportunity, bore up, and receiving the starboard broadside, which did him little damage, he took a position close under the brig's starboard quarter. So well directed was the vicious fire that was now poured into the English vessel that in less than fifteen minutes down came her flag. No sooner had it reached the deck, however, when another crawled up in the fore-rigging. It was an ensign union down; the brig was sinking. The sea was heavy, and before a boat could be lowered, down came the Englishman's mainmast. Lieutenant Shubrick, who had been on the *Constitution* when she captured the *Guerrière* and the *Java*, put out in one of the *Hornet's* boats, and soon reached the captured vessel's side, and found that she was H.B.M. brig *Peacock*, 22 guns, commanded by Captain William Peake, who had been killed by the last broadside from the *Hornet*. There was not one moment to lose; six feet of water were in the hold, and the *Peacock's* decks were crowded with dead and wounded. She was settling fast. Her anchor was let go, and the *Hornet* coming up, let go hers also close alongside. Every endeavor was now made to save life; the men who a few minutes before had been fighting one another pulled on the same rope together and manned the same boats. The *Peacock's* guns were thrown overboard; such shot-holes as could be got at were plugged; but the water gained despite the furious men at the pumps, and the bailing at the hatchways. The *Peacock* was doomed. The body of Captain Peake was carried into his cabin and covered with the flag he had died so bravely defending, to sink with her—"a shroud and sepulchre worthy so brave a sailor." All but some of the slightly wounded had been removed, and there remained but a boat-load more to take off the lurching wreck, when she suddenly pitched forward and sank in five and a half fathoms, carrying down with her thirteen of her own crew and three American seamen—John Hart, Joseph Williams, and Hannibal Boyd. Fine old down-East names, mark you. A small boat belonging to the *Peacock* broke away with four of her crew in it before the vessel sank. They probably tried to make their escape to land. In writing about this little episode afterwards, Lawrence says, "I sincerely hope they reached the shore; but from the heavy sea running at the time, the shattered state of the boat, and the difficulty of landing on the coast, I am fearful they were lost." Captain Lawrence's treatment of his prisoners was such as uniformly characterized the officers of our navy, "who won by their magnanimity those whom they had conquered by their valor."

The loss on board the *Hornet*, outside of the three seamen drowned, was trifling — one man killed and three wounded, two by the explosion of a cartridge. The vessel received little or no damage. All the time that the action was being fought the other brig lay in full sight, about six miles off (she proved afterwards to have been *L'Espiègle*, of 16 guns), but she showed no desire to enter into the conflict. Thinking that she might wish to meet the *Hornet* later, Lawrence made every exertion to prepare his ship for a second action, and by nine o'clock a new set of sails was bent, wounded spars secured, boats stowed away, and the *Hornet* was ready to fight again. At 2 A.M. she got under way, and stood to the westward and northward under easy sail.

On mustering the next morning it was found that there were 277 souls on board, including the crew of the American brig *Hunter*, of Portland, Maine, captured by the *Peacock* a few days before. The latter was one of the finest vessels of her class in the English navy; she was broader by five inches than the *Hornet*, but not so long by four feet. Her tonnage must have been about the same. Her crew consisted of 130 men.

To quote from an account of the times which describes the return of the victorious *Hornet* to the United States: "The officers of the *Peacock* were so affected by the treatment they received from Captain Lawrence that on their arrival at New York they made grateful acknowledgment of it in the papers. To use their own phrase, 'They ceased to consider themselves prisoners.' Nor must we omit to mention a circumstance highly to the honor of the brave tars of the *Hornet*. Finding that the crew of the *Peacock* had lost all their clothing by the sudden sinking of their vessel, they made a subscription, and from their own chest supplied each man with two shirts and a blue jacket and trousers. Such may rough sailors be made when they have before them the example of high-minded men."

It was not long before poor Lawrence was to be borne on the shoulders of his enemies and laid to rest, with all honors, in a foreign soil, a return of the courtesy he had extended to all those whom the fortunes of war had placed under his care and keeping.

WASHINGTON, THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

It makes no difference how much one thinks or reads of Washington and of his career, nothing suffices to bring one to a realization of him as an individual, as a man, so satisfactorily as a visit to Mount Vernon, which was his home for fifty years. It was from here that he went to the Continental Congress at Philadelphia, it was from here that he went to take command of the army of the Revolution, and to this place he retired when independence had been won and his army disbanded. In 1789 he had put aside his uniform, and was only a simple country gentleman looking after the affairs of his plantation of 3200 acres, when the letter of John Langdon, President of the Senate, reached him, and announced that he had been chosen President of the United States. Here again he came when his second term had expired, and here it was that he arranged to take command, without pay, of the armies in case of a war with France, and here also the noble, placid, and heroic life passed away. The far-stretching fields that comprised his fine plantation have been cut up into other farms, but the house in which he lived and died has been kept as nearly as possible as it was during his lifetime. Many years ago this property was purchased by the Mount Vernon Memorial Association, a company of ladies from the various States, and these ladies have made it their pious and patriotic charge and duty to keep the place in order and open to the public. In several of the States there are chapters of this society, and each chapter assumes responsibility for the maintenance of some definite part of this historic mansion. For instance, we see that Alabama maintains the hallway, Illinois one of the parlors, New York the banquet-hall, South Carolina the dining-room, Massachusetts the library, and Virginia the chamber in which Washington died.

This is not an imposing house to modern eyes, but it is tasteful and picturesque. Indeed, Mount Vernon was not the most imposing place in that neighborhood in the colonial days, as there were other establishments both larger and more handsome. It has often been said that the first President was, in his day, the richest man in the country. But this is not so. There were several in Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania richer than he, and some of his biographers intimate that his unlucky woolngs in early life were due to some extent to his lack of wealth. He was, however, a careful man, and in his hands the estates he inherited and acquired by marriage increased in value, and he became one of the richest men of the day. But the virgin fertility of his land had to an extent been destroyed before he became the master, and in his correspondence we find that he was every now and again regretting the poor methods of agriculture in Virginia, and contrasting the results of slave labor on large plantations with that of the small farmers in Pennsylvania. It is not likely that his own land suffered during his ownership, for, though he was not there to look after it for seven years during the war and for eight years when he was in New York and Philadelphia as President, he gave most minute directions as to what should be done in almost every conceivable emergency.

It is in looking at the records he has left of his carefulness in his own affairs that we get the best idea of Washington's wonderful administrative capacity. The country gentleman is usually thought of as an easy-going and careless fellow who whiles away the hours in idleness and pleasure. There may have been many such in Washington's time and in his neighborhood, but he was exercising all the time, in large affairs and small, that "infinite capacity to take pains" which some one has said to be the best definition of genius.

The house at Mount Vernon is of wood and painted white. Many who have only seen engravings of it have thought it to be stone, as the wood is cut in blocks to imitate stone. The light columns which uphold the roof of the porch are also of wood, sanded. Washington inherited the place from his half-brother. It is now above a century and a half old, and is good, if taken care of, as it doubtless will be, for that much longer.

GEMS AND THEIR BEAUTIES.

The other day, when a generous connoisseur, whose anonymity is deeply to be regretted, gave to be sold for charity a large and precious collection of gems, it must have occurred to many who visited the Durand-Ruel galleries that the art there illustrated was not half so well known in America as it ought long ago to have been. Why had not many such collections been formed? Why had not exhibitions been devoted before this to the masterpieces of the cameo-cutter's art? Here and there he had been represented in miscellaneous shows, but never on such a scale as upon this occasion. The explanation lies partly in the fact that to a large number of people there seems to be something esoteric, uncertain, and possibly unprofitable in any form of art lying much beyond the province of the painter, the sculptor, the architect, the engraver, or the etcher, and they have hesitated about exploring the dim regions of the minor arts.

The interest of Americans in Orientalia, in porcelains and lacquers, is of comparatively late birth; the figurines of Tanagra have only of recent years come to be appreciated here; and though there are some fine antique gems in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the collection sold a fortnight ago was the first to show that a private individual had, for his own sake, taken up the subject with knowledge and enthusiasm. The pursuit of gems needs both. Indeed, it is among the historians and antiquarians that erudition is most frequently found concerning those miracles of sard and chalcedony which shine in the museums of Europe. They, treating the cameos of Rome as the profound numismatist treats the coins of Greece, have wrenched from them secrets of religion and of dynastic change. One can imagine with what contentment Gibbon must have settled down to that famous collection in the Vatican which portrays the private life of the Cæsars. In such hands as his the gems of the great epochs must have yielded immense instruction. To us they yield unbounded delight.

I do not speak of the historical significance of gems, nor of their eloquence in regard to early types of mythological belief, nor of their magic of association. All these and many other interests are awakened as one fingers the little treasures of jasper, carnelian, or even (shades of Pyrgoteles!) good old Italian paste; and they are full of stimulus. But the element in gems that appeals most to a modern taste is that of extraordinarily perfect art. Here in a stone of almost absurd littleness you have the greatness of antique sculpture, its dignity, its serenity, its exquisitely sensuous charm. It was a plastic genius that brought forth the "infinite riches in a little room" so finely exemplified in the antique gem. I have rarely seen a more sculpturesque work than the tiny Greek agate, No. 364 in the Durand-Ruel catalogue, which represents Leander on his heroic passage of the Hellespont. The head and shoulders of the brawny swimmer are just seen above the waves—waves which are suggested with inimitable felicity in the rippling strata of the stone. It is both pictorial and plastic, as expressive in its minute modelling as a relief in clay, as vivid in its implication of movement as a modern sketch could be. In fact, the history of gems proves, as the history of coins proves also, that there was a good deal of naturalism in the art of the ancients, and that, no matter how "classic" they were, they remained always sensitive to the animation necessary in imaged things. In this collection I saw small gems that had all the vitality of extensive works in marble or in bronze. In No. 473, a Roman carnelian, the intaglio shows a little rustic group which conveys unmistakably an impression of life, of activity; in No. 739 one could feel a veritable thrill of movement in the "Rape of Europa" it depicted; and in No. 743 the cutter had actually succeeded in presenting intelligibly the defence of the bridge by Horatius. Again and again themes of this sort were attempted within the terribly narrow dimensions of a gem, and again and again the effect desired was attained to the very last touch.

With single figures the mastery of the early gem-cutter is quite astonishing, even more so than in the case of an elaborated design, for in the latter no great individuality was required for each personage, whereas the isolated dancer or wrestler or goddess had to be given a definite expression. How definite that expression was might have been learned by reference to No. 402, a Cinque-Cento intaglio dedicated to Terpsichore; to No. 338, a Græco-Roman amethyst, in which a delightfully Bacchic conception of a satyr was realized with intense precision and *brio;* or, finally, to No. 316, a fragment of jasper, in which Cupid and Psyche were exquisitely delineated the darling subjects of Apuleius and of Roman art. In these, in many more specimens of faultless carving and bewitching color, one could study the patient, equable temper of the ancients, concentrating in a stone all the beauty and impressiveness of a statue. They were not always impeccable. Mediæval taste seems to have provoked the cutter and the engraver to some queer experiments, and in the collection now under review there was one onyx button, No. 177, said to have been worn in the time of the Medici, which superimposed upon two faces in profile, set back to back, an ugly negro's head with a diamond in the mouth. That sort of thing could only be described as ostentatious and barbaric. But through the centuries which have witnessed the preparation of gems—and their history goes back to three thousand years before Christ—the general rule has been to treat them on simple, even severe lines, and pieces like the flamboyant composite just referred to are not typical of the art. Double profiles were common at the best periods, as was inevitable in an art that often owed much of its beauty to the contrasting of different layers of stone, yet, in the main, stateliness and elegance were preferred to picturesque oddity, and of the gems just dispersed there were few executed in the spirit of the Medicean model I have mentioned.

One appreciates the rectitude of the gem-cutters most of all in their portraits. There they were superb. At times, in an intaglio like No. 175, a clouded carnelian of Greek workmanship, representing the head of Zeus with an eagle, the touch might seem to be a shade too free, a shade too pictorial and romantic; but such examples are rare. Much more characteristic is portraiture of the kind illustrated by No. 381, a mediæval locket bearing the heads of a man and a woman; by No. 572, a Roman agate showing a woman's head and bust; by No. 579, a Græco-Roman Medusa; by No. 593, an onyx cameo of Faustina Augusta; and so on through a much longer list than can here be reproduced. Pure in outline, subtle in the modulations of their surfaces, these triumphs of minute carving explain readily enough why there were collectors of such decorations before the beginning of the Christian era. I call them decorations because carved and engraved gems were often originally used as such. It is not only the modern woman who has worn them at her throat; it is not only the modern man who has pinned them in his scarf. But the development of the art always proceeded through two channels. The cameos were to be worn as ornaments and insignia of rank. The intaglios originated, obviously, with the need for seals, and for centuries they have served this personal purpose. On either side the art employed has been cultivated to a high degree of excellence, on either side it has produced designs incomparable for grace, for simple symmetry, and a certain fine distinction which has ever made the possession of a rare gem the special prerogative of kings. Modern wealth and modern culture are calculated to make the diffusion of these treasures wider and wider, and it is much to be rejoiced in that this is the case. For there is nothing lovelier than an old cameo, nothing more exquisite than a shining bit of topaz or carnelian enriched with some poetic figure from the past. That is why the collection lately scattered to the four winds has seemed to demand some comment on its character. It no longer exists as a whole, but wherever its constituents have gone they have planted the seed that must some day prove fruitful of even greater and finer gatherings of gems.

Royal Cortissoz.

A NEW MAJOR-GENERAL.

In reviving the grade of Lieutenant-General, Congress has not only honored the senior Major-General of the army, General Schofield, but it has given opportunity for the promotion to Major-General of the senior Brigadier-General, Thomas Howard Ruger. New-Yorkers may find satisfaction in the fact that both of these distinguished soldiers are natives of this State. Major-General Ruger was born at Lima, Livingston County, New York, sixty-two years ago, on the 2d of April, 1833. He was graduated No. 3 in the class of 1854, at the Military Academy, which was headed by G. W. Custis Lee, the son of Robert E. Lee, and had among its members that famous cavalry leader of the Confederacy, J. E. B. Stuart. After his graduation, General Ruger served for a few months in the Engineer Corps of the army, and then resigned to engage in the practice of the law at Janesville, Wisconsin, from which State he originally received his appointment to the Military Academy. He was prompt to offer his services to the country at the outbreak of the civil war, and on the 29th of June, 1861, he was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of the Third Wisconsin Infantry. The following September he was promoted Colonel of the regiment, and November 29, 1862, just seventeen months from his appointment as Lieutenant-Colonel, he received the appointment of Brigadier-General of Volunteers.

When the regular army was reorganized after the war General Ruger was appointed Colonel of the Thirty-third United States Infantry, being subsequently transferred to the Eighteenth Infantry, March 15, 1869. He continued in command of the Eighteenth until his promotion to Brigadier-General, United States Army, March 19, 1886. As Colonel of Volunteers he saw service in the Shenandoah Valley, and in the northern Virginia and Maryland campaigns, being engaged at Cedar Mountain and Antietam. As Brigadier-General of Volunteers he commanded a brigade in the Rappahannock campaign, participating in the battle of Chancellorsville, and being advanced to the command of the First Division, Twelfth Army Corps, on the battle-field of Gettysburg, where he won a brevet of Brigadier-General in the regular army for "gallant and meritorious services."

After Gettysburg, General Ruger was ordered to New York city to aid in suppressing the draft riots of that year. He was next assigned to duty with the army of General Sherman, where he participated in numerous battles of the Atlanta campaign.

When Hood sought to carry the war into the enemy's country by his disastrous march to the North, after the fall of Atlanta, General Ruger with his division of the Twenty-third Corps was attached to the command of General Schofield, which met and defeated General Hood at Franklin. It was at Franklin that Ruger gained his brevet of Major-General of Volunteers, carrying with it, what is to the soldier one of the highest of honors, the recognition of "gallant and meritorious service" on the field of battle.

We next find General Ruger in command of a division in North Carolina and at the head of the Department of North Carolina, where he continued until he was mustered out of the volunteer service, September, 1866, to take his position in the regular establishment. He participated in various engagements that resulted in the final surrender of Johnson's army, April 25, 1865, and during the period of reconstruction which followed he served as Provisional Governor of the State of Georgia in 1868.

From 1871 to 1876 General Ruger was Superintendent of the Military Academy. Since then he has seen service as Colonel in command of his regiment, and of the Infantry and Cavalry School of application at Fort Leavenworth, and for a short time in command of the Department of the South, and as Brigadier-General in command of the Department of Missouri, the Department of Dakota, and finally of the Department of California, which he now controls. In all of these commands he has shown sound judgment and soldierly capacity.

No other army offers such opportunity as that of the United States for the selection for high command of soldiers trained and seasoned in battle, and this brief outline of General Ruger's services gives proof that President Cleveland's choice for the vacant Major-Generalship has been wisely made. To his natural aptitude General Ruger adds the mental training which experience alone can give, and which makes right action in emergencies, such as the soldier must always be prepared to meet, a matter of instinct rather than of deliberation.

William Conant Church.

ISAAC PUSEY GRAY.

There died, at the city of Mexico, on the 14th of February, a remarkable man who came very near to enjoying a great career. He was Isaac Pusey Gray, and he was minister from this country to Mexico, having been Mr. Cleveland's first appointee to a diplomatic office at the beginning of his second term.

Minister Gray was one of the survivors of the men who dominated in what is now the middle West before the war—a race of sturdy, rugged, independent, and original men. They were "rough and ready." That is the phrase which in the fifties described the men of whom the American citizen thought best. Taylor was "rough and ready," and roughness was supposed to accompany readiness, and to be an essential element of the character of any man who was quick enough to take advantage of his opportunity or his adversary. The men of this kind pleased the voters. They represented Americanism in its most popular aspect. Therefore the men who sought popularity and votes emphasized and cultivated these qualities. It is not to be wondered at that their manners were often more inelegant than their characters and attainments and occasionally their surroundings would seem to warrant.

Mr. Gray was born in Downingtown, Chester County, Pennsylvania, in 1828. His parents were Quakers. They were poor, and moved to Ohio when their son was eight years old. There he was a clerk in a dry-goods store, and educated himself after the hard manner to which so many American boys in the new West, who afterwards reached high places in life, were accustomed. It was in 1855 when he went to Union City, Indiana. He was twenty-seven years old, and had developed a good deal of character and capacity. He became a banker, married Miss Eliza Joquia, and was looked up to as one of the leading citizens of a small city of a frontier State. While he carried on his banking business he studied law, and was admitted to the bar just before the outbreak of the war.

During all this time he was a Whig, and became a Republican when the new party was formed. He went into the war with characteristic impetuosity, and was commissioned Colonel of the Fourth Indiana Cavalry. He served until ill health compelled his retirement. But again he went to the front, at the head of the 147th Indiana In-

fantry, to be again compelled to retire on account of physical weakness.

When the war was over he returned to the practice of his profession, and engaged actively in politics. In 1868 he was elected to the State Senate, and assisted in the passage of the Fourteenth Amendment, preventing the Democrats from breaking a quorum by locking the door and putting the key in his pocket, notifying his astonished opponents that any one of them who wanted the key might come and take it.

In 1872 Mr. Gray became a Liberal Republican. He followed the fortunes of Mr. Greeley, and never returned to the Republican party. He was, however, always a partisan by nature, and therefore was not content to be an Independent. Very soon he was an enthusiastic and energetic Democrat. In 1876 he was elected Lieutenant-Governor of Indiana on the ticket headed by "Blue Jeans" Williams. Williams died during his term of office, and Mr. Gray succeeded to the Governorship. In 1884 he was the candidate for Governor, and it was always thought that his brilliant campaign and great popularity saved the State to Cleveland and Hendricks.

At this time and for eight years longer Mr. Gray was the strongest Democrat in Indiana. His popularity exceeded even that of Mr. Hendricks. He was known as an ardent tariff reformer, and conducted all his campaigns on the issue of tariff reform. His speeches were admirable and forceful arguments on his favorite theme, and the support which he won for himself and his party through them was good evidence of the strength of the movement for a reduction of tariff taxes among the farmers of Indiana.

When the time for holding the Presidential Convention of 1892 approached, Mr. Gray appeared in the field as a candidate for the Democratic nomination. His State went for him with great enthusiasm. His victory was won in a struggle against Mr. Cleveland, whose defeat was taken at the time as a victory for Senator Hill. But it was nothing of the kind. Mr. Gray was not a Hill man, whatever else he might have been. That the Indiana delegates were not engaged in a "deal" with Hill was shown very soon after their arrival in Chicago. Mr. Whitney is credited with the conversion of Gray to Cleveland through Senator Voorhees. But the atmosphere of Chicago was really the instrumentality which induced the Indiana Democrats to support Cleveland. It was evident that the ex-President was to win the nomination, and that Mr. Gray must be content to strive for the second place. There was said to be an agreement, and there was a certain understanding which Mr. Cleveland's friends were unable to keep, so that Mr. Stevenson received the nomination for Vice-President.

Those who know the secret history of the Chicago Convention, and of the campaign that followed it, explain the reconciliation of Mr. Gray and his friends to the triumph of Stevenson and the utter discomfiture of the Indiana Democrat by saying that Mr. Gray was promised a place in Mr. Cleveland's cabinet. Certain it is that a man, who then stood so near to Mr. Cleveland that his assertions as to the policy of the administration were accepted as if they came directly from the new President, said that one thing was settled, and that was that Mr. Gray would be in the cabinet. But again Mr. Gray was disappointed, and this time something had to be done to dull the edge of his disappointment. He was therefore made Minister to Mexico, the mission having been raised to the first rank, with a salary of $17,500 a year. He seems to have been satisfied with this, and very little has been heard from him since he went to his post. There, as already stated, he died, on the 14th of February, of pneumonia.

RUSSIAN PROVERBS ABOUT THE CZAR.

THE average American can form but a faint idea of the halo which surrounds the Czar in the hearts and minds of the Russian populace.

What professes to be a complete list of proverbs relating to the Czar or his immediate family includes over seventy specimens of Muscovite folk-lore. Of these the "Czar of all the Russias" is an over-familiar phrase, but the most characteristic proverbs can be best understood if read between the lines, with which suggestion a few are herewith transcribed.

The Czar dies also when his hour comes.

When the Czar spits into the soup-dish it fairly bursts with pride.

Even the Czar is bespattered when he puts his foot into a puddle.

The crown of the Czar does not protect him against headache.

The lungs of the Czar cannot blow out the sun.

The back of the Czar himself would bleed if he received the blows of the knout.

A Czar, if he be a leper, passes for sound.

Even before a blind Czar it is necessary to bow.

The horse which has once been mounted by the Czar neighs without ceasing.

The rope will break if you wish to hang the Czar.

The Czar may be very powerful, but he is not the All Powerful.

The Czar may be the cousin of God, but he is not his brother.

The Czar can shake the terrestrial globe, but he cannot make it deviate from its axis.

The Czar has long arms, but they do not reach to Heaven.

The hand of the Czar himself has but five fingers.

The valet of the Czar thinks that he also has some rights to the crown.

The *ukase* of the Czar is worth nothing unless God says *Amen*.

A fat Czar is no heavier for Death to carry than a lean beggar.

A crippled Czar can nevertheless take great strides.

One drop of water in the eye of the Czar costs the country a great many handkerchiefs.

One only can be Czar, but many can love him.

The horse of a Czar can stumble also.

If the Czar be a rhymester, woe to the poets.

The Czar can be relieved of complaints, but not of cares.

Whenever the Czar squints, the ministers are one-eyed and the people are blind.

Do not lift your hand against us, little father Czar, otherwise we shall be obliged to carry the arm in a sling.

When the Czar takes cold all Russia is seized with the grip.

When the Czar dies the *moujik* would not change places with him.

If the horses do not want to pull, the carriage of the Czar himself does not move.

When the Czar presents you with an egg he will ask for a hen in return.

Whoever counts on the favor of the Czar must not disdain the good-will of his valet.

Where the Czar wishes to cut leather straps the peasants must furnish their hide.

When the Czar takes snuff the people must sneeze.

The hen of the Czarina herself does not lay swan's eggs.

He whom the Czarina hates is despised by her lady in waiting, execrated by her tirewoman, and sent to the devil by her chamber-maid.

"Of all inventions, the alphabet and the printing-press alone excepted, those which abridge distance have done most for civilization."

THIS quotation from *Macaulay*, which, as many readers will remember, stood over the main entrance of the Transportation Building at the WORLD'S FAIR, is also printed on the title-page of that beautiful catalogue of the Gormully & Jeffery Company, Makers of the RAMBLER Bicycles.

Whether you are a rider or not, this book will surely interest you, for it is truly a marvel of the art of bookmaking, and a perusal of it, introducing you to the RAMBLERS, will convince you that, having done so much to enable their fellow-men to "abridge distances" in such a wonderfully easy manner, the Gormully & Jeffery Company have indeed done a great deal for civilization; we cannot urge our readers too strongly to write for a copy.—[*Adv.*]

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has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

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finds the thing that serves
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Spring No. 2—IN RHEUMATIC GOUT, PARALYSIS, &c.

Case of Dr. J. A. Hanby, *of Patrick C. H., Va., stated by himself.*

"For four years I was afflicted with **Rheumatic Gout** to an extent *which incapacitated me entirely from the discharge of the duties of my profession*, and was finally reduced to such a condition as to subject me for the most part in confinement to my bed. By the advice of one of my medical attendants, and emphatically as a *dernier ressort*, I determined **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** Spring No. 2, I am to make use of the frank to say, without faith in its virtues, having but little confidence in mineral waters. The use, however, of a few cases of the water was attended by beneficial results so remarkable that I was soon able to be out of bed and upon my feet, and my improvement has continued until I am now actively engaged in the practice of my profession, meeting, without any unusual inconvenience, all the exposure and hardship incident to the life of a physician in a mountain country. *I cannot, in candor, do otherwise than ascribe my recovery solely to this water, the value of which I regard as beyond estimation.*"

Dr. James Beale, *Richmond, Va., Member of the Medical Society of Va.*

"*In my own family* the use of the **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** Spring No. 2, has exercised the most beneficial influence. Mrs. Beale commenced the use of this water *after a confinement of eighteen months to her room from attacks of* **Rheumatic Gout,** which had brought on a **paralysis** of the lower extremities and of her right hand. Latterly, this condition of things was succeeded by **dropsical effusion** in both limbs, *rendering locomotion impracticable without assistance.* Since using the water, which she has done for several months at home, the *Dropsical Effusion* had disappeared. *She walks without assistance* and *writes legibly, previously having been compelled to employ an amanuensis.* I have witnessed other remarkable results from the action of this water in **Gouty affections,** *and in this malady I regard it as invaluable.*"

This water is for sale by druggists generally, or in cases of one dozen half-gallon bottles $5.00 f.o.b. at the Springs. Descriptive pamphlets sent to any address.

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CONGRESSMAN HOLMAN.

THERE is no man in public life in this country to whom the title of Congressman more fitly belongs than William S. Holman. There are men who have worn it more worthily, men who have more honored it; there is no man whose life has been so completely devoted to the duties and labors of a Congressman. He has been as much a fixture of his place as is the bent butler who opens the door to the friends of his first master's grandchildren, or the ancient scrivener of an ancient conveyancer, or the bookkeeper who is serving the future and whose brain is as creased with lines and etched with figures as the ledgers of the past. Mr. Holman—I speak of this most useful of men with the respect that is his due—is the man-of-all-work, whose long experience makes him a source of comfort to those who like to have things move as they have always moved, and because when a strange and unaccustomed occasion arises he remembers what was done under like circumstances many years ago.

The flavor of antiquity about this old public servant is something worth noting. The American House of Representatives is poor in antiques. It is not only a bustling but a changing body. Its members come and go. If they are of the ordinary kind they go very soon after they have come. If they are extraordinary, they have ambitions that do not permit them to remain in the House. After a man of note has been a member for ten or a dozen years, those who know him expect him to go up higher. They would not be surprised to miss him at the beginning of a new Congress. They talk about him whenever there is a vacancy in the Senate from his State. They regard him as a probable Governor or a possible President. If his chief talent is that of a lawyer, they look for his translation to the bench. People in his State outside of his district talk about him and expect to hear him on the stump during political campaigns. They share with his constituents the honor of a Congressman who has passed through the ordeal of five or six elections, and who appears to have overcome tradition and regulation, to have compassed the death of the conflicting ambitions of other men, and to have achieved a permanent political career. They may not be ready to promote him without a struggle, but they foresee a time when they may prefer no one else. Men like this are not antiquities. They are constantly moving about, going up or going out and coming back, subject to the vicissitudes of American politics, making efforts, in a word, and taking their chances in the political game—a bustling game in which a people having a vast love for variety are the powers to be reckoned with. There are real antiques in the British House of Commons. One of them died a short time ago. He had sat out several generations of members in speechless uselessness. Gladstone is a fine antique, one of the noblest and most perfect specimens known to England, but he has been Premier and a leader, and I want to compare Mr. Holman to something that is not put behind the glass door of a cabinet because of its priceless value and rich or resplendent beauty, but to a good ordinary every-day piece of ware that stands on the mantel-piece, and that has stood there many years, playing a part in the general effect so slightly individualized that one is unconscious of it while it remains, but would greatly miss it were it to be taken away. No; there are few such antiques in the House of Representatives, although there are many such on the Tory benches of the House of Commons. Judge Kelley and Mr. O'Neill, both of Philadelphia, were of this kind, but Judge Holman—he was once a judge, long ago, before the war—is now the only one.

It is true that tradition makes the House of Representatives a kaleidoscope, although it may be questioned whether beauty can be truthfully predicated of that congregation of village lawyers and others; but there are few American constituencies who would deliberately destroy a veritable antique. The pitcher that goes to the well, however, may go once too often, and so Judge Holman found out in the last election. He came up for his biennial dusting once too often, and a careless constituency permitted his venerable form to slip through its fingers, when his career smashed in innumerable pieces against the hard fact of a majority for the other candidate. He may be more successful another time. Constituencies were abnormally careless of their Democratic candidates at the election of 1894, and it may be that Judge Holman's people will pick him up and cement him together in the form of a Congressman; but he can never again be a perfect specimen of an antique; he will only be a mended one. He suffered once before in this way, but that was long before he became interesting to those who sit in the gallery and grow tired of the active new faces passing before them in quick procession, and like to rest their eyes on a man who belongs there by prescription. It was very early in his career when he suffered before. His record of Congresses starts off bravely—Thirty-sixth, Thirty-seventh, Thirty-eighth, and then there is a break. He was not elected to the Thirty-ninth, but he was to the Fortieth, and after that to all the Congresses until the Fifty-fourth. So he goes out of Congress at the age of seventy-two, having done his duty with all the ability that nature bestowed upon him, and with a singleness of purpose and an honest attention to small details that have made the character of his service as singular as its length has been phenomenal.

THE HON. WILLIAM S. HOLMAN, OF INDIANA.
DRAWN FROM LIFE BY GEORGE W. BRECK.

One passion has dominated his legislative career. He has not been impressed with the greatness of the country, to whose interests it has been his privilege to devote his life. He has not been worried or led astray by dreams of manifest destiny. It has been Mr. Holman's pride to be known as an "economist," meaning thereby that he is a saver of public moneys. During recent years a Congressman who was willing to consent to playing this rôle has been a man of some importance and of value, if only by reason of his calling attention to the extravagance of others. But ordinarily a "watch-dog of the Treasury" is both an uncomfortable and a not altogether sincere person. He has stood in the way of proper as well as of improper expenditures, and there is always likely to be a touch of hypocrisy, or at least of inconsequentiality, in his speeches and his votes. It is often said of such a man as Mr. Holman has striven to be that he is opposed to public buildings and to river and harbor improvements everywhere except in his own district. It is not a large career, that of an objector to public expenditures. It involves a mastery of details for which broad-minded men have very little taste, and with which they have much impatience. The "brake" on the coach is not the finest bit about the vehicle, but it is useful, and is often the most important. Mr. Holman is imbued with the notion that simplicity means parsimony, and he has therefore devoted himself to the task of pinching the appropriations in a manner which has not commended him to claimants or to his fellow-members with large and liberal views, and with a strong desire to distribute the government's wealth with a free hand.

Mr. Holman is a Democrat of the kind that believes he is right, no matter what the majority of his party may think about it. He regards the difference between the Republican and Democratic parties as one of expenditures. He persistently ignores the facts of history and the numberless proofs that the Democratic politicians have given that they can spend as much money as their opponents can whenever they have the opportunity of wasting the public revenues in their own districts. He has faith in the potency of Jeffersonianism, and would rather save a thousand dollars on an appropriation bill than reform the civil service, or make the tariff tax rational, or put an end to the war between working-men and their employers, or settle the currency question that is now confounding the country.

Mr. Holman is not to be supposed, from all that has been said in this article, to be a man without either intellect or interest. He is a member of the American House of Representatives from an intelligent community, and, like most Representatives, except those from the larger cities, is above the average of his constituents. Mr. Holman is a man of character and intelligence. He is narrow, and has inadequate views of the duties of an American law-maker, but he is sternly true to his sense of duty, and is an honest and conscientious worker. His constituency has not made a mistake in keeping him in Congress, and they have made a distinct mistake if they have sent as his successor one whose capacity for larger public tasks than those which interested their veteran Representative will not more than make up for the loss of the industry, sincerity, and experience of the man who, more than any other Congressman of the present time, may be said to follow the occupation of law-making. With all his limitations, Mr. Holman is a man who can ill be spared from Washington. His objections were oftener right than wrong. They were too frequent, and he who made them might have been something more than an objector. Still, he was better and more useful, certainly much safer, than many a more versatile man, whose quickness of political imagination is often more dangerous to the interests of the country than Mr. Holman's objections could be in a century.

When, in the course of time, reason comes to reign in politics in this country, men like Mr. Holman will be kept in public life because they are needed. But beyond the need of him, this particular Congressman has won the confidence of a good many people who love sturdy Americanism, which is generally truthful, always free from corruption, and usually unostentatious. In all the years of his service at Washington, Mr. Holman has not learned to be any different when he is at the capital of the country than he is in the simple society of the community in which he dwells when he is at home. It is a rare man or woman who remembers to have seen Mr. Holman at any social event to which he might not feel that he was called officially. And when he has thus infrequently mingled with the gay set, he has gone in his character of a Congressional Representative from Indiana. Society has been obliged to take him as he is. He served in Congress at a time when corruption was rife, and when many of his fellow-members were suspected and tainted. But no one has ever suspected Mr. Holman of receiving a dollar by way of bribe, or of ever having made any money whatever from his connection with public affairs. Like his old and firm friend Samuel J. Randall, he is, so far as any one in Washington knows, a poor man; and while most Congressmen are honest, honesty is nevertheless a distinction of which one who is thus characterized may well be proud, and which is a rich heritage to be dearly cherished by those whom he leaves behind, and a worthy example to his successor.

BETWEEN HEATS—ICE RACING AT LAKE COMO, ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.—[See Page 190.]

AMATEUR SPORT

JACK-RABBIT COURSING—A GROWING WESTERN SPORT.

Perhaps no sport is so essentially fitted to the West as coursing. Nowhere in America exists such unlimited opportunity for the exercise of fleet hound and almost equally rapid hunting-horse as upon the prairies. With an unbroken level sod, unmarred by ravine and guiltless of stone or unfilled furrow, it holds abundant possibilities for the lover of this exhilarating sport.

The devotees of this species of enjoyment have selected western Kansas as the section best suited to the contests, and a number of coursing-grounds have been laid off, and will this year, as last, be the scene of exciting races between hares and hounds. The grounds at Great Bend, on the Arkansas River, about midway across Kansas, east and west, are perhaps the most widely known. They are in what is locally termed the Cheyenne Bottoms, a basin-like parallelogram, nine miles long and half as wide, the bottom of a vast lake sometime in the past. Here there is not even a slough or ravine to break the tablelike perfection of the sod, while the surrounding prairie, slightly higher, forms a natural boundary defining the limits of the grounds.

The American Coursing Association holds its meets here, and has a club-house with many conveniences for the members. The association has a widely scattered membership, Chicago, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and a number of Southern cities being represented, while it is by no means uncommon to have several British titles inscribed on the guests' register. The cattle-ranch owners of Montana and Wyoming take much interest in the sport, and are always well represented.

At Goodland, far out in the western third of Kansas, is a new coursing-ground which came into prominence last season, and will be used this year by Indiana and Colorado clubs. The grass in this portion of the State is the famous "buffalo-grass," a fine hairlike growth curling close to the earth and forming a carpetlike sod upon which to run, making a better course in some respects. The hounds are less likely to be misled in their course, and following the quarry by sight, which is the chief feature of the sport, is made less difficult. The grass is, however, so short upon some of the courses near the foot-hills of the mountains that it forms no hiding-place for the rabbits, and a traplike contrivance is necessary in order to get a perfect start.

In Cowley County, near the edge of the Cherokee Strip, in central and western Nebraska, and in South Dakota coursing-grounds have also been laid out, and the season promises to produce the most numerous and interesting meetings in the history of the sport in America.

The opening of the prairie courses has added a zest to the pleasure that never obtained in the East, nor could it be secured amid the hampering environment of close civilization, trees, fences, streams, and hills. The prairie offers freedom from all these, and is the ideal place for the sport. It has, too, the proper game to make the racing something more than a few quick leaps on the part of the greyhounds. In the jack-rabbit the hound meets a victim worthy of his endurance and fleet limbs. Mark Twain said once of the coyote that in its frightened course over the cactus plains it "split a long crack in the atmosphere." The jack-rabbit, when thoroughly aroused, can come nearer passing through the crack before it closes than any animal of which the West has knowledge. When being hunted, the jack-rabbit lies close to the ground, his grayish-brown coat mingling with the color of the grass, so as to make the little creature almost invisible. His long ears are laid back across his back, and the big gray eyes are blinking lazily. Aroused, he stretches his lithe body: the astonishing ears are erect. A few spasmodic hops make a preliminary to his real start, and then his pace changes to a series of tremendous leaps which are very discouraging to any dog but a greyhound.

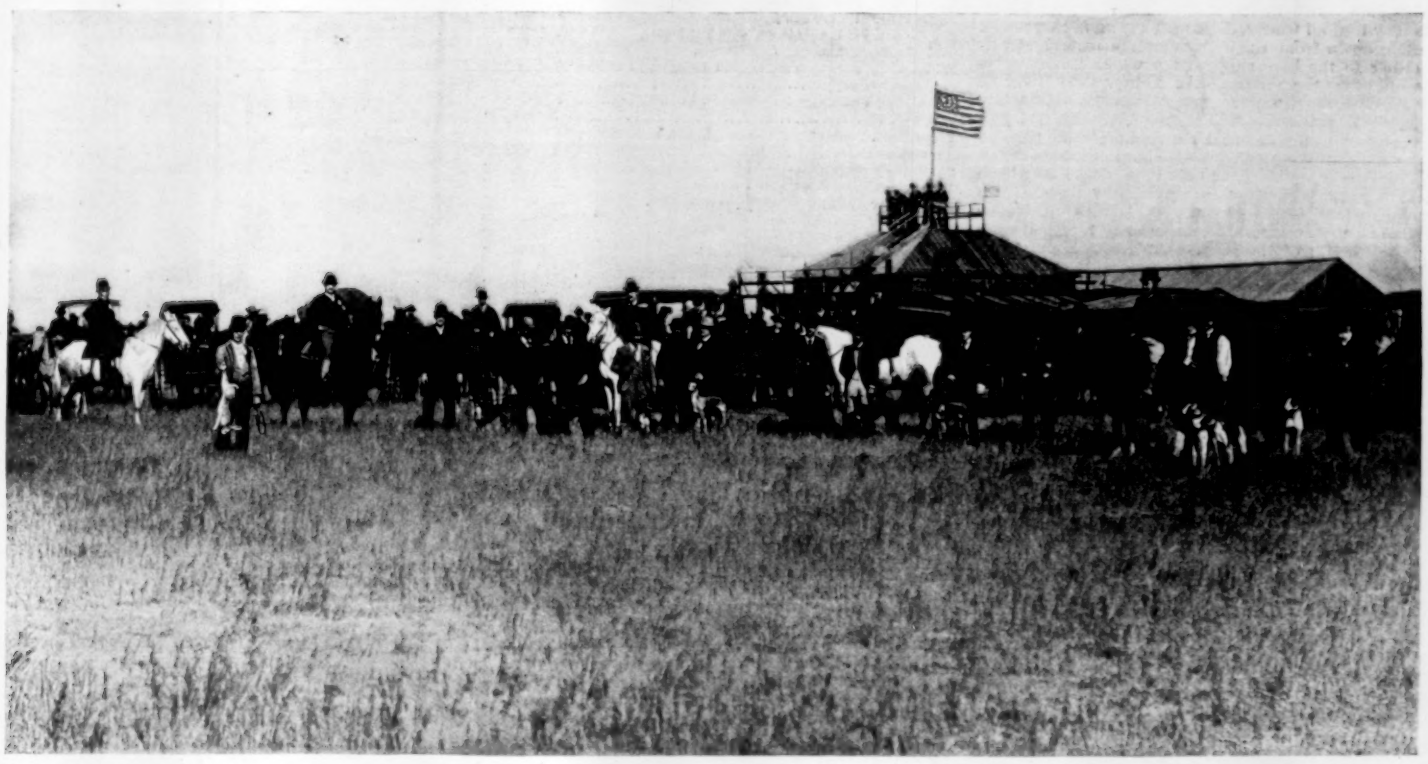
The coursing meetings are attractive to the settlers no less than to the sportsmen, and hundreds of spectators are lined up by the guards to see the contests. These present a motley appearance, being in all sorts of vehicles, from the trotting-cart to the white-topped prairie-schooner with bulging canvas covers.

The dogs are taken out two by two, matched up by lot. When a rabbit is started, the leashes are slipped, and away they go over the plain, followed by the referees on horseback. The rules are the same as those obtaining in the East, and are followed with exceeding strictness.

What is not possible on Eastern grounds, however, is the steady advance of the line of spectators with the hunters. As the rabbits are scared up the guards allow a forward movement, and so the on-lookers have by the end of the day progressed two miles or more, and territory over which they have passed is sure to be entirely free from hares, all having been started.

When the sport was first introduced the settlers greatly objected to it, fearing that it would lead to the demoralization of the game in the vicinity of the meeting-places. They soon were undeceived. They now realize that the visits of intelligent game-lovers, who take a pride in conserving even while they use the game of the country, are beneficial. The bane of the prairie game regions is the indiscriminate slaughter, in season and out, which is making the once richly stocked plains devoid of interest to the sportsmen.

The future of coursing on the prairies looks bright. An increased number of clubs hold meetings this year, and prizes are offered by several that should attract the best hounds of the country. The establishment of kennels at the coursing centres has served to bring up the standard of racers, and a number of imported hounds are being brought West this season. The clear dry atmosphere of the high prairies has a most beneficial effect on the hounds, and is exhilarating to a considerable degree. Their owners claim that the English hounds surpass all records made on the other side of the ocean when loosed on prairie courses. It is certainly true that in the medal races last year the judges were surprised at the excellence and swiftness of the dogs. With such unlimited courses and



A PRAIRIE COURSING MEET—AMERICAN COURSING ASSOCIATION AT GREAT BEND, KANSAS.

such unusually swift quarries the mettle of the hounds is put to a severe test. The introduction of this old, yet to the West new, sport has resulted in several imported hounds being already owned in Kansas and Dakota.

As the season grows later it is quite common to practise the dogs on "rabbit drives," in which are enlisted all the hounds of high and low degree obtainable. A large territory is surrounded, and by means of dog and gun the rabbits are confronted with a veritable war of extermination. At one such meet last winter 26,000 dead rabbits were shipped to Colorado cities and distributed among the poor.

The rabbit supply of the prairies shows no sign of diminution, and pursuing them either in coursing meetings or otherwise is a growing sport.

WESTERN BIG-GAME PRESERVES.

BY GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

THE act of Congress establishing the Yellowstone National Park was approved March 1, 1872. At that time very little was known about the territory included in the boundaries set for the Park, and the view taken by Congress of the purposes of the Park was not a broad one. The reservation was to be a pleasuring-ground for the benefit and enjoyment of the whole people, and there is no evidence that Congress intended to do anything more than to preserve the wonderful geysers, hot springs, and beautiful scenery to the free use of the public for all time. But now that the West is settled up, that farmers till the ground along every stream, and that cattle, horses, and sheep feed over the old ranges of the buffalo, elk, and antelope, we know a vast deal more about the National Park and about its usefulness than we did twenty years ago. We know that however beautiful its scenery, and however marvellous its natural wonders, these are matters of but slight importance compared to the Park's economic value as a vast storage reservoir for waters to be used in irrigation on the arid plains below, east and west of the mountains, plains which when dry are deserts, but when watered become fertile farms. We know now —though then Congress did not—that on the preservation of the forests which cover the high mountains of the Park depends the agricultural productiveness of a vast region, and that this productiveness can be maintained only by preserving this Park forever as a pleasuring-ground for the people, because only in this way can the destruction of these forests be prevented.

But though, in the act establishing the Park, Congress said nothing about the protection of the forests, it did specifically direct the protection of the fish and game, and as a preserve for our native wild animals the Park has special interest for men who use the rifle in pursuit of big game. Its value as a game preserve can hardly be overestimated, for as almost all varieties of North American big game were found there, only protection was required greatly to increase their numbers. During the early years of the Park's existence few visitors, except residents of near-by mining camps, found their way into it, but as lines of railways approached it, and visitors increased, more and more game was killed, and professional hunters began to destroy elk and buffalo to fill meat contracts and for their hides. This state of things led to the appointment of a force of assistant superintendents, who were to act as game-protectors and forest guards. But after a few years all these were dismissed, and the care of the Park was handed over to a detail of United States troops, the officer in command being appointed superintendent of the Park. This plan has worked well in practice, and the Park has never been so efficiently guarded as by the troops.

The great altitude of the Park makes the winters very long, and the ground is free from snow only about four months of the year. In the high mountains the depth of snow is so great that herbivorous animals cannot live, and all the animals migrate in autumn from a summer to a winter range. Some species, like the deer, move out of the Park altogether, going south or north to ranges where food may readily be had; others, as the antelope, go from the highlands down to the flats of the Gardiner River, where they feed all winter, close to the town of that name. Elk come down from the high mountain parks and valleys, either to the bare ridges from which the snow is blown off, or to the valley of the Yellowstone River or the Hayden Valley, where grass is always obtainable. Buffalo, in like manner, leave their summer ranges, and go to the bare hog-backs, or to the hot country in the Hayden Valley—essentially the same winter ranges as those of the elk—while the sheep leave the mountains where they have spent the summer and take to the sheltered valleys. Even the moose, whose long legs and habit of feeding on the browse of shrubs and trees, might seem to render it careless of the depth of the snow, changes its home when winter comes on, and resorts to the little willowy swamps on the plateaus or the benches of the mountain-sides, and remains hidden in such spots all through the winter.

Such changes—from summer to winter range—are made regularly with the seasons; but except for these and the erratic movements of the rutting season, the game wanders about but little. One often hears surprise expressed that the animals do not roam outside of the Park, and so fall into the hands of hunters, and such remarks show how very little is known by the average man about the habits of our big game.

Most wild animals are much more local in their habits than we imagine; that is, they become attached to some especial small range of country, to which they confine themselves at certain seasons of the year. We see the same thing in our domestic stock on the range. A bunch of horses will live for months in some little set of ravines, feeding over the same ground day in and day out, until some change in the weather leads them to move to another locality. The same is true of range cattle, though they wander more than horses. Though all species of our Western wild game wholly change their range in spring and autumn, yet, after they have settled down on their summer or winter ranges, the area that they cover in their daily wanderings is not extensive. At certain hours of the day they go to water; at a particular time they will be found lying down, usually in the same place, or feeding in the same neighborhood. The hunter established in one locality, who is fairly observant, who has time to familiarize himself with a particular range of country and its wild inhabitants, and who does not wantonly disturb them, will learn after a time just where to look for small groups of the various species. On a horse ranch, where, in the past, I have spent much time, I came to know exactly where to go if I wished to find two or three little companies of mule-deer or of antelope, and at last believed that I could recognize the different individuals of the various groups. In the same way I know certain valleys, plateaus, or ridges where I can be quite sure of finding a little bunch of mountain-sheep, known to be the same by the number and ages of its members. I have watched for several successive days the same family of white goats feeding on the mountain-sides above my camps, and can go to certain rough slopes of slide rock and precipice where these animals are always to be found. That elk and moose have essentially the same habit I have no doubt, although I have not been able to verify my belief by observation in the case of these species. The caribou is said to be more of a wanderer. Carnivorous game, from its very nature, must roam more widely, though we know that when berries are ripe and roots are fit to be eaten, the bears remain in one place until the food supply is exhausted. At other times, however, they are great wanderers.

All wild animals feel the attachment to locality that I have referred to; but besides this, all wild animals speedily come to recognize that in certain localities they are not disturbed. So much is this the case that in the Yellowstone Park deer, antelope, elk, and mountain-sheep lose much of their shyness, and permit travellers to approach them closely. For a number of years the cañon of the Gardiner River has been the winter range of a small band of sheep, which fed and rested with entire unconcern within a short distance of the wagon road, paying no attention to freight wagons or horsemen who passed by them within thirty or forty yards. In the same way elk will calmly stare at the passer-by, or some old bull will advance toward the pack-train and attempt to bar the way, pawing up the dirt and thrusting his antlers into the soft soil, or trying to "cut out" a mule from the train. Antelope, too, are often very tame, and will watch the visitor in a manner that reminds one of the old tameness of the species many years ago, before hunters became so numerous in the West. Buffalo are seldom seen, and are much more shy than any of the other animals mentioned, running away as soon as they discover the proximity of man. But there are no animals in the Park which, under the influence of protection, seem to change their natures so much as the bears. These shyest of wild animals appear to be also the shrewdest, and to have learned that they need not fear molestation in the Park. So they become no longer shy or suspicious, and at the various hotels come down from the mountains toward evening, and, undeterred by the presence of spectators, feed upon the refuse thrown out from the kitchens.

In the National Park there are believed to be now about 200 buffalo, 15,000 to 20,000 elk, 500 antelope, and an unknown number of moose, deer, mountain-sheep, and bears —a very large stock of our most important game animals. But there is no reason why there should not be many other such breeding-centres, where big game should be preserved and very greatly increase.

Within the last few years the rapid settlement of the arid West has forced the subject of irrigation upon public attention, and the question of conserving the water supply for this vast region has assumed great importance. This water supply comes almost wholly from the snows and rains which fall upon the mountains, and its continuance depends altogether on the preservation of the forests which clothe those mountains. This fact being recognized, a number of forest reservations have been established by Presidential proclamation in the Rocky, Sierra Nevada, and Coast Range mountains, and the land included in their boundaries has been withdrawn from settlement. These reservations consist for the most part of rough-timbered mountain land, unfit for agriculture or stock-ranging, but of the utmost value in protecting the sources of streams. The principal forest reserves, with their areas, are:

Grand Cañon Forest Reserve, in Arizona, estimated area	2,893	sq. m.
San Gabriel Timber-land Reserve, in California,	568	"
Sierra Forest Reserve, in California,	6,400	"
San Bernardino Forest Reserve, in California,	1,152	"
Trabuco Cañon Reserve, in California,	78	"
White River Plateau Timber-land Reserve, in Colorado, estimated area	1,672	"
Pikes Peak Timber-land Reserve, in Colorado, estimated area	288	"
Plum Creek Timber-land Reserve, in Colorado, estimated area	280	"
South Platte Forest Reserve, in Colorado, estimated area	1,068	"
Battlement Mesa Reserve, in Colorado,	1,341	"
Pecos River Forest Reserve, in New Mexico,	486	"
Bull Timber-land Reserve, in Oregon,	222	"
Cascade Range Forest Reserve in Oregon,	7,020	"
Pacific Forest Reserve, in Washington,	1,512	"
Yellowstone National Park Timber-land Reserve, in Wyoming, estimated area	1,936	"
	27,216	"

Three other reservations, not included in this list, are Afognak Island, in Alaska, Yosemite National Park, in California, and the Yellowstone National Park, in Wyoming, making in all not far from 31,000 square miles of our territory which has wisely been withdrawn from settlement and is to be devoted to forest preservation.

Each one of these forest reserves, if properly protected, would become a great game preserve, and the various reservations are so scattered over our territory that in one or the other is contained an ample breeding-stock of every species of large game animals indigenous to the United States. If Congress would pass the laws needed for protecting, within these reserves, the forests and the wild creatures which inhabit them, defining offences and fixing penalties for them, establishing methods of procedure for the arrest, trial, and punishment of those who break the law, and providing officials to enforce it, instead of having, as now, only a single great refuge and breeding-place for game, we would before long have nearly a score. In the neighborhood of such preserves there would always be good hunting; for the game, properly protected, would soon increase to a point where it would exceed the food supply of the reservation on which it was bred, and the surplus would overflow into the surrounding territory, where it would be lawful to hunt it. There is crying need for such legislation, for at present these reservations are such in name only. Except in the Yellowstone Park, the game and the forests are at the mercy of every depredator.

It was only after many years of hard, unremitting, and discouraging work that the friends of the Yellowstone Park succeeded, last year, in securing the legislation required to give protection to its game. It is to be hoped that those interested in securing a like protection for the game of the forest reserves will not be forced to wait so long.

DRIVING ON THE ICE.

ONE of the most fascinating of all the winter pastimes enjoyed in the far Northwest in these days of cold and snow is ice driving. In the cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis there are large and flourishing winter driving clubs, composed of gentlemen who are interested in lively trotting, and who, for the most part, love to drive their own horses in the spirited bouts on the ice, which are witnessed at least once a week the winter through when the weather is not too severe.

A track about the width of an ordinary race-track and a half-mile long is laid out on the level ice. The measurements are exact, as the gentlemen are sticklers for records, even if they are records for their own pleasure. Sometimes the races which occur take on a professional cast; but for the most part they are contests between horses owned by private parties, and driven for sport, not for gain.

It would be manifestly out of the question to drive with safety in those days when the thermometer registers, say, twenty-five to thirty degrees below the zero point, but there are many days throughout the winter when, in the earlier part of the afternoon, the mercury rises to zero or a little above, and on such days there is great sport on the tracks. From a fund contributed by the owners of the horses the track is equipped with electrical appliances and kept in prime condition. An electric bell, connected with the starter's bell at the upper end of the course, sounds the alarm at the wire when the horses are off. Usually at the course there are many equipages of all degrees of importance, and along the drives in the distance, or near enough to admit of a good observation of the racing, may be seen a great number of more handsome outfits, the muffled and befurred occupants enjoying the fascinating sport.

The regulation racing rigs are very light—mere skeletons in steel, consisting of the runners at the ice, and slender standards reaching up to the driver's seat. Occasionally you will see an exciting race between double teams, and there is occasionally something very blood-stirring in watching two pairs of thoroughbreds come down the long course at a tremendous pace, no sound in the frosty air but the steadying words of the drivers and the sharp click of the steel-shod hoofs as they beat the resonant ice.

Whenever the weather is fine, even if it be too cold for the speedways, the snowy avenues of these Northern cities are crowded with a bewildering variety of winter rigs, some of them primitive and strange, but many of them costly and elegant. It is the belief of the residents of these cities that no other cities in the world, save St. Petersburg and Moscow, have so many beautiful and costly equipages for winter driving. Occasionally, when some winter carnival is on, a "corso," as it is called, is arranged, when a great procession of all manner of outfits passes in parade, the horses bedecked with flaunting ribbons, the sleighs adorned with gay plumes of many colors, the line of parade disclosing dog teams, elk teams, tandems, Russian rigs with three powerful horses driven abreast, great coaches carrying large parties, single and double equipages in endless variety.

Winter driving in these Northern cities gains in favor every season, and, best of all, no one seems to enjoy it better than the hardy horses, a magnificent lot of animals, bred to speed and endurance no less than to the cold of a rigorous climate.

TREE MEMORIES.

THE woodland stretched its arms to me,
And into its heart I went,
While by my side invisibly
Walked musing-eyed Content.

The woodland spake no word to me,
But, oh! its thoughts were sweet;
Against my spirit like a sea
I felt the thought-waves beat.

Before my vision starved and dull
The wood shapes dropped their gold;
The young child trees were beautiful—
More beautiful the old.

Within their halls of memory
What heavenly scenes are drawn!—
The stream, the wild birds' company;
The sky's cool face at dawn;

The golden lances of the sun;
The rain that feels its way;
The twilight steps that one by one
Lead to the moon's white ray;

The multitude of bright leaf forms
Engraved on earth and air;
The black and gold of midnight storms;
The blue that violets wear.

These throng the greenwood memories;
Upon this perfumed track
The thoughts of all the silent trees
Go wandering back and back.

This is the charm that cometh last,
Of all their sweets the sum—
The feeling of green summers past,
And fair green springs to come.

ETHELWYN WETHERALD

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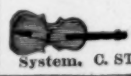

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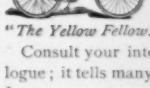

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